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MR. DISRAELI'S FOREIGN POLICY.

MR. DISRAELI'S speech, though it was primarily intended only to win scattered votes, has naturally directed attention to the foreign policy of his party. The Opposition has, in fact, no domestic set of doctrines which can serve as an excuse for displacing the Ministry; and, unfortunately for its hopes, Lord PALMERSTON, on all international questions, really or apparently represents the exact opinions and feelings of the nation. In his transactions with Russia, with Italy, with France, and with America, he has almost uniformly pursued the course which approved itself to the judgment of his countrymen; and his adversaries, if they had any choice, would commit an error in selecting for their ground of attack the only department of public affairs in which the Minister commands enthusiastic support. Mr. DISRAELI's foreign policy is, indeed, peculiar to himself, and it always retains the same character, although it varies in its special application according to the necessities of Parliamentary conflict. As a general rule, he inclines to the side of power, especially when it assumes the form of arbitrary force. Habitually Austrian in his leanings, he is dazzled by the military absolutism of France, and he undervalues the resources of his own country because it has not a vast army, and also, perhaps, because it has a Parliament. The antique pomp of the Papacy so far attracts his imagination as to give an additional zest to intrigues for securing Irish votes. The theory that the world is mainly governed by cunning and violence, although it may rather amuse his imagination than satisfy his judgment, almost always regulates his conduct. He takes no account of the generous impulses which, through the influence of popular sympathies, ultimately affect the action of Governments. In consequence, he misunderstands the whole course of recent history, and his blindness is most dense when he regards the policy of England, because there is no other country in which public opinion exercises equal supremacy.

A Frenchman might perhaps have admired Mr. DISRAELI's logical proof that the English Government ought, in consistency, to abandon the cause of Italy. England valued the French alliance; the Emperor NAPOLEON had wished to weaken Italy by a federative system; the best way to conciliate a friend is to do what he wishes; and, therefore, Lord PALMERSTON ought now, to the utmost of his power, to promote the execution of the Treaty of Zurich. Dialectic exercises of this kind are singularly ill calculated to influence the House of Commons. Englishmen intuitively know that nothing can be got out of a syllogism except what has been previously put into it. An alliance may be thought desirable, and yet not preferred to all other considerations; and experience has shown that a good understanding with France is not incompatible with an independent Italian policy. If the English Government has not been prudent, it must have enjoyed singular good fortune. For three years every opinion which it has expressed has been justified by the result; for the GRAND-DUCHES have not been restored, the annexation of the Italian provinces has been successively accomplished, and the French occupation of Rome becomes every day more anomalous and embarrassing. Yet Mr. DISRAELI thinks that it was wrong to deprecate interference, and that the French Government ought to have been assisted in preventing GARIBALDI from crossing from Sicily to the mainland.

To a certain extent, Mr. DISRAELI expresses the opinions of his party, although Protestant tendencies must suggest some scruples when the inviolability of the Holy See is established as a political dogma. The Conservatives are inclined to personify nations in their ruling dynasties, and, consequently, they regard as unjust all processes of fusion

and redistribution which necessarily displace established and legitimate rulers. Their error consists in transferring to public policy the useful fiction of international law by which the Executive Government exclusively represents the community. The legal and diplomatic rights of the Duke of MODENA and of the King of NAPLES were sacred as long as they lasted; but jurists have happily guarded against the extreme consequences of their own assumptions by recognizing Governments in fact, wherever they have superseded Governments which professed to exist by an anterior right. There are few cases in which a foreign Power can advantageously assist an insurrection. It is the object of revolutions and civil wars to show which of two domestic parties is best able to prevail over its adversaries. In the Italian dispute, the English Government has simply waited till the struggle was over, using its utmost efforts in the meantime to secure fair play by keeping the ring. The country was, in foresight as well as in sympathy, far in advance of official statesmen. The unity of Italy was anticipated by intelligent observers, while diplomats regarded it as an absurd dream, long before Lord RUSSELL gratuitously and erroneously applauded the blundering perversity of Lord MALMESBURY. The difference between the leaders of the great parties mainly consisted in the readiness of Lord PALMERSTON's colleagues to learn by experience, and in their capacity to understand the liberal sympathies of the community. Lord DERBY's Government could only perceive in the constitution of an Italian Kingdom the lawless aggrandizement of the Piedmontese dynasty; and if the nation were put out of sight, as having no concern in the change, the judgment was indisputably correct. A hundred years ago, subjects were regarded as the property of kings, and even at the Congress of Vienna, an ingenious and complicated adjustment of the balance of power took the form of rewards and compensations which were adjudged to different royal claimants. The establishment of an Italian Kingdom seems likely to steady the balance of power, and it is therefore evidently consistent with English policy and interest; but the country really cared for the revolution because it was just and beneficial, and not on any calculation of selfish advantage. The settlement of 1815 had wholly failed of its object, by making Lombardy and Venetia a mere province of Austria, and not a separate kingdom united to the Empire by the tie of the Crown. The bolder projects of the time for establishing an independent State in Northern Italy naturally broke down because they were promoted in the interest of MURAT or of EUGENE. If it had been possible at Vienna to unite all Italy under the ancient House of Savoy, the English plenipotentiaries might, perhaps, not have rejected the scheme as inexpedient.

Old-fashioned diplomats sneer, not without a show of reason, at the new-fangled theories founded on the doctrine of nationalities, but it is the business of statesmen to recognise all existing forces, whether they are new or old. As a wise judge confines the expression of his opinion to the case which is actually before him, a thoughtful politician abstains from pledging himself to a principle or theory, although he may perceive that it is involved in some proceeding which he is compelled to approve. Mr. DISRAELI may, if he thinks fit, become the champion or enemy of nationalities in the abstract; but the English nation applauds the regeneration of Italy, and reserves its right to form an independent judgment of all future revolutions. There can be no doubt that diplomatic traditions must be modified to suit modern forces and motives of action. The reunion of Italy has provided half the populations of Europe with a reason or excuse for changes which are more or less reasonable and probable. Germany, which might be the first Power on the Continent, wishes to find a VICTOR

EMMANUEL in Prussia; and farther East, Governments and malcontents are employed in promoting rival theories of ethnology, wherever two separate races coexist on the same soil. Austria sets up the Slaves against the Magyars in Hungary, and the Russines or Ruthenes against the Poles in Galicia. Russian pamphleteers are employed to persuade the peasants of Poland that they are an aboriginal Russian population oppressed by a Polish oligarchy, which is commonly compared to the Mahometan aristocracy of Bosnia. Almost the only subject nationality which puts forward no pretensions is the German population of Alsace and Lorraine. The wrongs of Ireland may perhaps, at some future time, be buried in the same fortunate silence. It is not surprising that a theory which might be used to spread revolution over the world should be eagerly welcomed by agitators and charlatans as well as by genuine patriots. Judicious Ministers will not approve of changes founded merely on considerations of race and language; but it is their duty to understand that a national conviction, wherever it is ascertained to exist, deserves as careful regard as the caprice of a Sovereign. There are some reformers who would make Russia into a constitutional State; and there are more daring speculators who propose to expel the reigning dynasty, and to convert the Empire into a great federal republic. Foreign Governments can only deal with the actual rulers of a great monarchy, and they may reasonably doubt the probability of any sweeping change during the present generation; yet if a revolution were to occur in Russia, only retrograde politicians would endeavour to shut their eyes to a great historical event. As long as the Conservative Opposition clings to an obsolete system, it will suffer the discredit of having political theories extemporized for its use at Mr. DISRAELI's pleasure.

PRUSSIA.

NO one could have supposed that Prussia would strike out something quite new in the history of Constitutional Government. Even a cautious prophet would have thought that he could have foretold the narrow range of chances within which the variations of political events must be limited in Prussia. He would have been wrong. Something has just taken place in that country which is, we believe, without a parallel in the annals of representative Governments. The Ministry has dissolved one Parliament, and has called together a new one, and in this new one of their own seeking there is not a single Ministerialist. Not only are there no supporters of the Ministers, but there are no Ministers elected. The new Assembly will be absolutely without a single link between itself and the servants of the Crown. In every part of a kingdom comprising the most different provinces, creeds, and nationalities, the electors have unanimously made it the one indispensable qualification of a candidate that he should be opposed to the Ministry. It must be said, to the credit of Prussia, that one reason why this could not have happened elsewhere is that in scarcely any other constitutional country could the electors have been free to show so much unanimity. That a population of 18,000,000 should have been able to prevent a Ministry holding all the good things, and wielding all the terrors of office, from carrying any one of 350 elections, shows a wonderful state of electioneering purity. We in England must blush while we praise. Perhaps, when Prussia has carried out the project attributed to her, and has bought our very oldest sailing vessels, and so started a national navy, she will come to have dockyards, and dockyards will suggest the corrupting innovation of Government boroughs. But at present, the electors, if united by the influence of a very strong and deep feeling, can really elect the men they please. And on this occasion they have been united by one of the strongest feelings men can entertain — by the feeling of a burning indignation. A Ministry without social or political reputation tried, in a meek and hesitating way, to effect a *coup d'état*, and set up the idol of divine right on the necks of the humbled electors. Prussia was ordered to return a submissive servile Parliament, content to do exactly as it was bid; and the order came from the poorest set of creatures Prussia had ever known in office. This was not likely to do. Whenever a strong appeal is made by funkeys to the general funkeyism of mankind, it ought always to be made by very tall men in bright blue and yellow plush, and not by scrubby little job butlers in seedy black. The electors of Prussia have laughed at the orders that were given them. They have chosen to show that they dare set the Court and the Minister at defiance; and un-

questionably they have greatly raised Prussia in the eyes of Europe by doing so. It is the nearest approach to vigour that has been shown in Germany for years.

The elections place beyond doubt the existence in Prussia of a large class of persons who take a deep interest in politics — who think, and on great occasions dare say what they think, and who have a distinct national policy lying close to their hearts. It is in vain the Court organs try to brand the triumphant party with the reproach of revolution. All Germany knows that from no set of people is the wish for revolution more remote than it is from the ordinary thriving, money-making, beer-drinking Prussian tradesman. Prussia has asserted its right to have an existence independent of job butlers in office, not because it wishes to have no Court, and liveries, and bureaucrats, but because it is beginning to grow rich and to think for itself; and people who are well-to-do and read a variety of newspapers hate being kicked and ordered about by minor officials. The bulk of honest comfortable citizens have asserted their independence; and so strong has been the feeling elicited in the process that the Prussian fear and awe of the bureaucracy has for the moment been overwhelmed. Even the bureaucrats themselves have, in some places, caught the general enthusiasm; and the Balaams who were paid moderate stipends to bless every Ministry have cursed this particular one altogether. It is also curious to see how powerless all the little outlying sections of a country are, and how little they weigh in the balance, when once the strong general feeling of a nation is excited. In Prussia there are two at least of these outlying sections. There are the Ultramontane Catholics, and there are the Poles. Both are represented in the Assembly, and neither is very well disposed to the party now triumphant in the elections. But they will do nothing, and can do nothing, for the Ministry. They are only apparently cut off from the general body; and, although they have their peculiar views, as Catholics and Poles, to support, they cannot really stand aloof from the rest of the nation. When there is any one marked difference between two sets of men, we are apt to forget how many interests they often have in common. Ample experience has shown that even Ultramontane Catholics do not separate themselves from those with whose prosperity their own is bound up. Nor is there any reality or heart in the Polish Opposition in Prussia. An able and lucid pamphlet, lately published by Mr. OTTO WENKSTERN, will tell anyone who cares to know what the real state of Polish Prussia is. The Germans find the money, and improve the land, and fill the towns, and pay the greater part of the taxes. The Poles like all the money this brings with it well enough; but they affect to grumble a little because their young gentlemen are not admitted into the ranks of officials when they fall below the prescribed educational standard. We all know the Irish member who has a friend that has just been shamefully plucked through the treachery of examiners; and we have learnt not to think this sort of grumbling very serious. It is not trifles of this sort that can form the basis of an effective opposition to a strong national feeling.

The odd thing is, that although the Ministers have not a single supporter — although not one of them has a right as an elected representative of the people to address the Assembly — it is considered very probable they will hold on. It is thought that if the KING does not open the Parliament, there need be no formal Address to him. If no bills are proposed, none will be rejected. And so the world is to enjoy the edifying spectacle of a King who says nothing, of a Ministry that does nothing, and of an Assembly that votes nothing. If Prussia would but acquiesce in this dead-lock — if all the combatants would stay for ever with their swords crossed, and no new embarrassment occurred — then the great HEYDT-ROON Cabinet might be preserved, and the Fortschritt party, and the Bockum-Dolfs, and the Grabowites might be made to eat the dirt of utter humiliation. The supposition that this is possible is surprising enough, but it is even more surprising to find what is the obstacle that it is thought will prevent its being realized. It is not the indignation of the people, or the ridicule of Europe, or the eloquence of a baffled Assembly that is feared. It is, that if the Minister is foolish, and wicked, and impudent enough to take this line of policy, he will have a financial deficiency of about half a million sterling. If the Prussians only knew how very little the people who get up real *coups d'état* care for a deficiency of half a million sterling, they would feel easy about this dreadful project of the HEYDT-ROON Ministry. The sort of men who can pro-

pose to suspend the whole political life of a country, and yet tremble at the prospect of making other people owe half a million, are not very formidable conspirators. It is about the sum that must have been carried to the Great Book of France for wax candles at the Tuileries since the famous Second of December. If the Prussians are in earnest, they may be sure that not only the Ministry, but the KING, will give way. They have entered on a contest in which wealth, and thought, and strong national feeling, are sure to conquer. What the Liberals have really to fear is division among themselves. An astute Sovereign might possibly make some of them take off their cloaks, if he came as the sun and not as the wind. We hope, for the sake of Europe, as well as of Prussia, that their virtue may be proof against all temptations, and that their unanimity may last until Prussia occupies her proper place in Germany.

MR. HUBBARD ON THE INCOME-TAX.

THE House of Commons showed good sense in refusing even to discuss Mr. HUBBARD's motion for the readjustment of the Income-tax. A year ago, in consequence, perhaps, of an injudicious speech delivered by Mr. GLADSTONE in 1860, a Select Committee was appointed, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government, to consider Mr. HUBBARD's project. A fallacy seldom gains by minute discussion; and it is not too much to say that the advocates of unequal taxation were not only defeated, but made ridiculous in the course of the inquiry. The great advantage of a Select Committee as an instrument for discovering truth consists in the opportunity which it offers for cross-examination. In no other field of controversy can disputants be compelled to answer adverse interrogatories. If any student of political economy has sufficient industry to disinter a last-year's blue book, he will find in Mr. LOWE's cross-examination of Mr. HUBBARD an excellent model of exhaustive confutation. When the Committee had reported, by a large majority, against the project of a discriminating tax, the mover might have been reasonably expected to submit to the decision of the tribunal which he had himself selected; but Mr. HUBBARD, on the contrary, appealed without delay to a Section of the British Association which has been lately appointed for the non-scientific purpose of discussing things in general. Fortified by the approval of one or two amateur economists, he now returns to the attack in Parliament, and although he has fortunately failed, he promises to make his motion as periodical as Maynooth, or competitive examination. Experience shows that few understandings are proof against a favourite crotchet. All men are liable to error, and it is only by resolute impartiality that an opinion once adopted is subjected to dispassionate reconsideration. A sophism finds in the mind a place of its own from which it is hard to dislodge it. No opponent of unjust taxation disputes Mr. HUBBARD's sincerity or intelligence, but he has nevertheless devoted himself to promoting what is, in fact, a palpable system of spoliation. As he never attempts to answer the demonstrations of his adversaries, or to invalidate the almost unanimous authority of statesmen and economists in favour of equal taxation, it is evident that his original error has long since passed out of the province of reason into the region of faith. A false doctrine shared by the multitude easily becomes inveterate, nor can there be any doubt that Mr. HUBBARD will, to the end of his days, remain, on the question of the Income-tax, an honest and impracticable heretic.

A large majority of the House of Commons, having never studied the subject, may probably have concurred in Mr. HUBBARD's theoretical conclusions, and yet some surprise may have been felt at the arguments by which a specious injustice was supported. Former agitators have claimed exemption for trading and professional incomes on the pretext that they were precarious; and popular prejudice often rejects the unanswerable solution that the tax is exactly as precarious as the income. Some of Mr. HUBBARD's remarks show that he has not emancipated himself from the vulgar delusion, but he has apparently found in the course of the long controversy that it is not wise to challenge an arithmetical confutation. He consequently rests his case on the vague and sentimental ground of a transcendental quality which is supposed to add a perfume to money earned in the form of profits or of fees. Skill and industry exercised in earning an income are supposed to be more meritorious than bare ownership, although the laws of nature and society have irrevocably determined that a shilling, however acquired, is neither more nor less than a shilling. It will not

buy more bread or meat or beer in the hands of a shopkeeper than in the hands of a fundholder, but Mr. HUBBARD insists that it shall buy more protection from the army and navy, and a larger share of whatever other benefits are supposed to be derived from the existence of a Government. The test of incomes by duration is definite and measurable, but the discrimination according to the virtues and talents displayed in their production is utterly incapable of being applied with any regard to reason or justice.

Mr. HUBBARD himself never attempts to conceal a partiality which would be scandalous if it were not wholly unconscious. His sympathies lie with merchants and traders, and he accordingly proposes to give a pecuniary boon to the class, at the expense of others who are engaged in precisely similar undertakings. Mr. GREEN and Mr. LINDSAY are great ship-owners, and so is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Both firms incur serious risks, and both receive large revenues in return for the investment of considerable capital. The proprietors of the Company entrust the conduct of their affairs to managers and directors, while the private ship-owners may, if they think fit, save a certain expense by substituting their own personal exertions for the services of paid superintendents. Although it is impossible to distinguish between the cases, Mr. HUBBARD would tax the shareholder one-third higher than the private ship-owner. As the duration of both incomes depends on the same chances, it would have been impossible to defend so monstrous a preference on the theory of precariousness, and it is perhaps for this reason that the pretence of meritorious industry is, in the particular instance, put forward. It is not a trifle that all capital invested in joint-stock undertakings should be taxed for the exclusive benefit of private capitalists, and yet this flagrant anomaly is but a consistent part of an unjust system. The proposal to plunder poor clergymen, single ladies, and fundholders in general, is at least as unreasonable as the plan of favouring capital when it is accumulated in the hands of individuals. Mr. HUBBARD anticipated the objection that there would be a difficulty in distinguishing mercantile companies from mercantile firms, by the singular explanation that he would adopt the definition of the Companies' Act. If he had been, with equal partiality, advocating a preference to be given to persons whose names began with the earlier letters of the alphabet, he might have similarly explained that the fortunate Browns were already separated from the WILLIAMSSES in the pages of the *London Directory*. The difficulty lies, not in knowing a shareholder in a Company from a shareholder in a firm, but in explaining why the House of Commons should make an exceptional gift of money to the large capitalist at the expense of the small. Mr. HUBBARD had previously laid down the bold assumption that net income consists of the residue after a part of the whole has been laid by. It is not the duty of the State to help any class to become richer, but to leave all classes, after extracting the necessary revenue, in the same relative condition in which it found them. A prudent poor man will save, and there is no form of his expenditure which will give him equal satisfaction; but hoarding is, like spending, a mode of disposing of money for the benefit or gratification of the owner. The fallacy is, after all, not allowed to operate in favour of any but the professed trader. The Peninsular and Oriental shareholder has as much reason for saving as the most colossal ship-owner, but he has not the good fortune to command Mr. HUBBARD's discriminating sympathy.

Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of defending equal taxation is singular, and possibly it may be judicious. He has always a special reason for resisting the infringement of a general principle. As long as he can show that it would be practically impossible to readjust the tax, he is not solicitous to prove that readjustment would be grossly unfair. If his arguments against Mr. HUBBARD were followed out to their legitimate consequences, the exposure of special fallacies would probably involve the establishment of the sound principle of equal assessment. In the meantime, it is Mr. GLADSTONE's pleasure to hold the outworks, and it may be hoped that, in case of need, he is prepared to defend the citadel. It would have been wiser to abstain from intimations that the lower limit of the tax deserves reconsideration, for, while Mr. HUBBARD would favour accumulated commercial wealth, there is no reason to fall into the opposite error of exempting narrow incomes from a proportionate contribution. In other respects, Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was unexceptionable, and his first argument could not fail to be conclusive with the House of Commons. The adoption

of the project would have involved a deficiency in the revenue of two millions and a half, and the whole amount must have been reimposed on landowners, fundholders, and on Mr. HUBBARD's victims who have the misfortune to trade with joint-stock capital. It was fortunate that the House was forced to consider the immediate consequences of giving way to a popular delusion. The whole weight of the public expenditure has to be borne, and no general relief can be obtained by shifting the load. It seems that Mr. GLADSTONE still thinks that the Income-tax ought to be removed, but there is no probability of such a result, and, on the whole, the total repeal would scarcely be just to other classes of tax-payers. If any financier could fix the tax in time of peace permanently at 4*d.*, he would receive nearly 5,000,000*l.* with no intolerable pressure on the community. Even at 6*d.*, with a produce of 7,000,000*l.*, the tax would be endurable, and it seems not impossible that in the course of a few years such a reduction may be practicable. If the lower rate were established, it is not even inconceivable that traders might become more conscientious in their returns.

AMERICA.

THE capture of New Orleans is scarcely so great a blow to the prospects of the Confederates as their failure to offer any serious resistance. After a year of preparation, they have not been able to inflict any considerable loss on the gunboats which steamed past their forts. It may probably have been judicious to attempt no defence of the city itself, but the boast that the concentration of the army in the interior will be a positive advantage is wholly fallacious and conventional. The Mississippi will soon be open from the extreme North to its mouth, and the richest cotton plantations may be reached by the invaders; while the blockade may, at the pleasure of the Federal Government, be rendered thoroughly effective, as there only remain three or four Confederate forts to occupy the attention of the fleet. Southern optimists naturally console themselves with the recollection that the principal ports were occupied by English troops during the war of the rebellion, but the careless helplessness of Lord NORTH's administration finds no parallel in the energetic operations which are carried on for the restoration of the Union. The authority of the Crown would probably have been re-established, under all the disadvantages of incapacity and domestic faction, if France had not taken the opportunity of attacking her ancient rival. In the latter part of the American contest, England was at war with France, with Spain, and with Holland, while Russia, Prussia, and Sweden were, as armed neutrals, on the verge of open hostility; but the Federal Government has not an enemy in the world except the Confederate States. It commands the sea and the rivers, and it has 700,000 men in the field. Although its armies may possibly still be matched in numbers, it will be difficult for the Southern generals to obtain supplies when the principal cities are in the possession of the enemy. There has probably never been a war in which so much depended on the comparative material resources of the belligerents. If the Northerners prevail, they will have vindicated the efficiency of their Government, and they will have confirmed their well-earned reputation for activity and perseverance. On the other hand, they will have acquired the smallest possible amount of that glory which is supposed to be the natural accompaniment of success. They have proved that iron gun-boats can, in default of opposition, command sea, coasts and navigable rivers, and they will have captured several forts by their superior artillery with no loss to themselves, and with little injury to the garrisons.

It is remarkable that, although the Federal armies have occupied a large part of the enemy's territory, they have never, except in some trifling skirmish, obtained a victory in the field. The triumphs of the campaign, such as they are, have been achieved by gun-boats, and by the accompanying preponderance of heavy artillery. Like the witches of old Scotch legend, the Confederates are always stopped by water; and the great rivers which add so much to the wealth of their country have proved their principal source of weakness in war. With two years of unassailed independence they might have made themselves invulnerable, but it is difficult to organize fleet in the middle of an unequal war. The gun-boats saved General GRANT from utter destruction at Pittsburgh; they took Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, and New Orleans; and they will probably take Fort Wright, and the remaining positions on

the Mississippi. It would seem that the floating artillery has cowed the spirits of the Confederate garrisons, as they surrender in almost every quarter before they have lost a man. The absence of desperate bravery on both sides is perhaps the most unexpected feature in this remarkable war. It might have been anticipated that officers and generals would betray incompetence, but all men supposed that Americans would fight to the death. The bloodless capture of half-a-dozen considerable forts affords the main reason for doubting whether the Confederates will ultimately be successful in the struggle. Notwithstanding their heavy losses, the great bulk of their forces is still untouched, and in the only pitched battle of the war they inflicted a heavier loss than that which they sustained. They are now fighting, both at Yorktown and in the valley of the Mississippi, to gain time till the heat of the summer impedes military operations, and till the rivers become too shallow for the passage of gun-boats. Their leaders are also cheered by political hopes of advantage from French intervention, or from the collapse of the Northern finances. By the end of the present year, the debt of the United States will be the largest which any country has ever yet incurred during a similar period. No means have been provided for either paying the interest or carrying on the war, and the Government is at present living exclusively on credit, while contractors and money dealers are passing its obligations rapidly from hand to hand, taking care to secure a profit on each transfer, and leaving the ultimate holders to bear the consequences of public insolvency.

The possession of New Orleans is a great triumph, and it may be the commencement of a great difficulty. The answer of the Mayor to Commodore FARRAGUT's summons almost certainly represents the feelings and intentions of the community. There are probably numerous friends of the Union in the city, but in times of war and revolution minorities count as nothing. Commodore PORTER's extraordinary assertion that the Confederate troops had fired on Unionist women and children, although it is obviously false, may perhaps represent the fate of some insignificant mob which had been encouraged by the presence of the enemy to oppose the dominant party. The second commercial city in America allows that it is conquered, and, while it submits to the fate of war, it positively refuses to acknowledge the right of the victors. If the Federal generals can spare a sufficient garrison, they may administer the police of New Orleans without resistance, but the obedience which is rendered will be wholly passive, and it will cease with the removal of superior force. In other words, Mr. LINCOLN may govern New Orleans as the Emperor of AUSTRIA governs Venice, ' so long as the North is willing to maintain an enormous army for the purpose of imposing a military despotism on the South. The simplest mode of exercising a policy of bare coercion will also be the best. The Federalists will arouse deeper resentment if they attempt to disguise their authority by inviting the local aid of a dissident faction. Although the existing contest is in one sense a civil war, the belligerents are divided by local lines of demarcation, and in the Gulf States at least the whole population has acknowledged the Confederate Government. General BUTLER and Commodore PORTER are regarded with neither more nor less hostility than if they wore the French or English uniform instead of serving the Federal Government. Citizens of New Orleans who might join the conquerors would be abhorred as traitors rather than as enemies, and on the first opportunity they might probably become the victims of a genuine civil war, ending perhaps in their extermination. Before the disruption, Mr. LINCOLN found that it was useless to appoint Federal officers for the Southern States. He has now established a Commissioner or extra-constitutional Governor in Tennessee, and he may, if he thinks fit, allow one of his colonels to call himself Mayor of New Orleans; but the re-establishment of republican and municipal liberty by external force appears for the present impossible. The Northern Americans may fairly boast that they have falsified probable anticipation by the extent of their armaments and the energy of their operations. The political re-establishment of the Union would be not a surprise, but a miracle.

The rumour of an amnesty is probably premature. So long as the great armies of Virginia and Mississippi are still unbroken, it is absurd to expect that the Confederate leaders would accept the position of pardoned offenders. But the defeat of BEAUREGARD and the capture of the lines of Yorktown would so far change the conditions of the contest as to justify an overture from the victorious Government.

It matters little whether a proposal for peace includes an amnesty for the bulk of the population, who would under any circumstances be safe from legal retribution. The schemes of confiscation which have been brought forward in Congress have been properly rejected, and it is highly probable that even Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS might secure immunity for himself and his principal colleagues if he thought it worth while to stipulate for a pardon. The Government of Washington is well aware that the allegiance of the Border States can barely be secured by military occupation. Its authority is as much detested in Maryland and Tennessee as in Louisiana or Mississippi, and the democratic members of the House and the Senate cordially sympathize with the malcontents. If negotiations are once commenced, the desire of restoring the nominal Union will override all Republican or Abolitionist doctrines. The professed friends of the old Constitution will be able to impose terms on the Government, while the extreme South will probably refuse to treat except on a basis of equality. The Confederate organs unanimously declare that the war must be of long duration, and, on the whole, the chances seem opposed to any prospect of an early arrangement. In a few weeks military operations on both sides will be impeded by the heat, and a partial suspension of hostilities may perhaps facilitate a formal armistice.

THE BI-CENTENARY.

THE gulf between the religious and secular worlds is still so deep that the majority of our readers are probably quite unaware what is meant by the Bi-Centenary, though nothing else but the great Bi-Centenary question is being agitated in circles which include a very considerable amount of public opinion. The Bi-Centenary is the two hundredth anniversary of Black Bartholomew's Day, 1662—the day on which two thousand ministers left the Church of England rather than submit to the conditions imposed by the Act of Uniformity. Nothing can be more natural than that the English Dissenters should celebrate the birthday of Dissent with such solemnities as may suit their taste, of which the most striking at present projected appears to be the foundation of a Nonconformist colony in New Zealand, to be called Albertsland. It seems, however, that the sturdy little clique which has thrust itself into the front of Dissenting policy is not satisfied with any joint movement of the sectaries which does not involve aggression on the Establishment. Not content with having thrown out the Church-rate Bill and done as much as the American war to create the Conservative reaction, the gentlemen of the Liberation Society have persuaded considerable numbers of Dissenting ministers to give a point to their exercises on the day of celebration by directing them at the Evangelical clergy of the Established Church. From all the pulpits of Nonconformity, all the clergymen who expect to be made Bishops by Lord PALMERSTON are to be preached at. The passages in the Book of Common Prayer which the ejected of 1662 objected to are to be dwelt upon with Christian plainness of speech, and each beloved brother in the steeple-house over the way is to be taunted with the Catechism and twitted with the Ordination Service. This charitable ceremony of praying all at once on the housetop against one's neighbours is expected to redound largely to the profit of Dissent; and indeed, if the Dissenting interest gains greatly by one kind of success, it must be admitted that the authors of this scheme have already conferred vast benefits on Nonconformity. They have succeeded in most profoundly irritating the most conspicuous leaders of the Evangelical section of the Church. These gentlemen have never shown themselves backward in pushing home the argument derived from the consequences of subscription against their opponents of all sorts, and they now find it intolerable to be galled with a shaft from their own quiver. The *Record* is not unfrequently in a passion, but we have never known it so intensely indignant as it has been made by the programme of the Bi-Centenary.

It would be obviously improper for us to enter into the question raised by the promoters of this agitation, but it has a political and social aspect which may be noticed. It seems to us to illustrate curiously the over-estimate formed by the Dissenters of their own power and influence. All cliques have a tendency to exaggerate their importance, and the spirit predominant in Dissent, and perhaps involved in its very nature, is cliquishness. The clergy of the Church of England have exactly the opposite peculiarity, and, hap-

pily no doubt for the nation, are apt to think themselves a much weaker power than they really are when they combine. Nothing but the inflation natural to a clique could have blinded the Dissenters to the real lesson read them by the fate of the Church-Rate Bill, or led them to expect that the section of the Church of England which for the present engrosses the largest part of its dignities and honours would voluntaryize itself, simply because it is reminded of the view taken of the Formularies by the Calvinists of 1662. The planners of the Bi-Centenary are evidently perfectly unaware that the boundary between themselves and the Evangelical clergy, which seems to them so narrow, is, from a social point of view, an abyss. The real obstacle to their making conversions is not the necessity for giving up preferences, but the necessity for taking a step downwards in society. A man will do much for conscience' sake, but he will very rarely *déclasser* himself. The real truth is that the identity of religious opinion (if it exists) between the Dissenting and Evangelical worlds, so far from being an advantage to the Nonconformists, is the exact contrary. It affords facilities to the Dissenter who has made his fortune for silently stealing away into the pale of the Establishment. There is scarcely a single sect which does not melt away from above through the social warmth radiating from the Church of England more rapidly than it enlarges its base by absorption from below. Far be it from us to prophesy anything so audacious as that the Church of England will always retain its present external unity. But nobody who has the least comprehension of English society will believe that any portion of the laity or clergy now attached to the Establishment will ever rush into the open arms of a sect outside. The disruption, if it ever occurs, will be caused, not by attraction, but by repulsion, and will begin from within.

It is so certain that the Dissenters will not succeed that time is almost wasted in giving reasons why they ought not to succeed if they could. Their project, however, has the fatal vice of involving a great anachronism. It would seem tolerably plain that 1862 is not 1662, and yet the Dissenters seem to have made up their minds that the question of conformity to the Church of England has not been the least affected by the lapse of two hundred years. It is not too much to say that in 1662 neither those who remained in the Church nor those who went out of it had conceived the possibility of ecclesiastical communion without absolute identity of opinion. The seceders had themselves, not many years before, expelled the very opponents who now ousted them; and the only superiority which the Whig historian can claim for the party with which he sympathizes is that they had made some provision for the expelled ministers, while the ejected of 1662 were left to starve. The Dissenters are, in fact, forgetting the chief office which they have discharged in the history of this country, and indeed of the world. They have not added much to theology, literature, or science, or taste; but men have learned from them to respect each other's opinions. To the disputants on both sides in 1662 the modern theory of Dissent would have seemed a monstrosity. The Nonconformists, just as much as the High Churchmen, would have regarded it as absurd that the proper condition of religion in a country should be supposed to be a constellation of little sects, all unconnected with the State, and each narrowly limited by the strictest terms of communion. Yet this is Mr. MIALL's theory—now accepted apparently by the great mass of Dissenters—of which, without saying anything of its tenableness, we venture to affirm positively that in 1662 it would have been impartially reprobated by all parties. Nothing can be better established than that every religious section of that day claimed to absorb everybody who dissented from it, and, above all, thought its own creed binding on the State in its public capacity. It was only very slowly, under the influence of the Act of Uniformity and the Toleration Act together, that the present relations of sects to each other came to be regarded as involving neither sin nor irregularity; and it is the great glory of the eighteenth century to have diffused the new ideas over the civilized world. When, then, the Evangelical clergy are called upon to leave the Establishment on the ground that it was deserted by some of the clergy of 1662 who agreed with them in opinion, it may safely be asserted that, in the view of the original Nonconformists, they would have committed as great a sin in joining a modern Dissenting sect as in continuing to read the Formularies. In fact, to act upon the principles of two hundred years since is not only foolish but impossible. The proper guide to our conscience is the

morality, not of 1662, but of 1862; and in considering what course that morality would dictate to a scrupulous nature, the authors of the Bi-Centenary would do well to reflect whether the world has not now learned a higher toleration than that secured by the Toleration Act. It has come to be a first principle with them that any sect should be allowed to profess its own creed without disturbance from competing forms of opinion; but still they appear to have fallen behind the rest of the world in the conception and practice of that self-command and moderation which teach some of us to put up with differences of view even in those included within the same ecclesiastical pale.

THE ADMIRALTY AND CAPTAIN COLES.

THREE is a strange fatality about every step that the Admiralty takes, even when it seems to be moving in the right direction. If we may venture on a homely comparison, the onward progress of the Board has a curious resemblance to the movements of an unwieldy man, with a strong disposition to stand still, constantly pushed forward by an energetic crowd. For a time there is a resolute stand, until the pressure from behind becomes too powerful to be resisted. Then there is a reluctant plunge forward, and the victim of pressure stumbles on a pace or two to a new position of momentary resistance. Steady, quiet progression is of course quite out of the question under such circumstances, and the case is very much the same with the Board of Admiralty. For years it planted its foot firmly on a principle. Iron-plated ships could not be made, and the old wooden walls were to be reconstructed as fast as they wore out. This stand was made until the position became utterly untenable, and then followed a sudden plunge into the new system, with just that amount of stumbling and blundering about it that distinguishes a compulsory advance from voluntary progress.

After the promises of improvement which were lately made, there seemed some prospect that the Admiralty would move on in future more smoothly and cheerfully; but the old style of progress has just shown itself again in the matter of the cupola ships which have been ordered since the exploits of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. Nothing could have been simpler than the course before the Admiralty. The worthlessness of wooden ships had been at last unwillingly conceded. The immense value of the cupola form of defensive plating had been demonstrated beyond all question, not only by experiments at home, but by actual conflict abroad. The original designer of this contrivance was in the service of the Admiralty, and his plans had been highly approved and laid aside accordingly many years ago. When further inaction was, with apparent frankness, finally abandoned, it might have been supposed that the Board would have gladly availed themselves of the skill of the inventor in carrying his project to completion. It will not be forgotten how much credit the Government claimed for acting on this principle in the case of the *ARMSTRONG* gun, and to what an extravagant length they carried it by the anomalous contract entered into with the Elswick firm. But the Admiralty has a way of its own, and that seems to have been to apply Captain COLES' invention without the cooperation of the inventor, and to test his shields without allowing him the opportunity of putting them into a fair condition to face the blows of the most formidable projectile that the world has yet seen. In the duel between guns and armour, Sir W. ARMSTRONG was to produce his best gun, and to superintend the practice with it, while the target shield was to be set up without the assistance of Captain COLES; and the particular specimen chosen to test the soundness of the principle was to be a half worn-out affair that had already been exposed to a most tremendous battering. If further trials are wanted, this is not the way to make them conclusive, and no confidence will be placed in the result of any experiments, unless the masters of the arts of attack and defence are fairly pitted against one another without favour to either side.

In making these observations, we are looking simply to the interests of the country, and are by no means anxious to pronounce on the more delicate question as to the breach of professional etiquette which Lord CLARENCE PAGET charges upon Captain COLES. Assuming it to be true that no amount of perversity and provocation on the part of the Board will justify an officer in active service in appealing to the press, the substantial interests of the navy and the country are not to be sacrificed for the sake of proving that a particular letter ought not to have been written. Lord CLARENCE PAGET adroitly put the question of discipline in the front of the

argument, but those who look with a single eye to the good of the service will find it difficult to regret a happy indiscretion without which a fair trial could not have been given to an experiment of incalculable national moment. Unfortunately, the Admiralty, in the course which it is supposed to have taken, has given the greatest possible encouragement to that which it affects to regard, perhaps with some reason, as a breach of discipline. The world knows now that what has been yielded to the remonstrances of the *Times* had been virtually refused to Captain COLES before Jupiter had spoken; and as long as the plainest and most obvious duties are neglected in the conduct of naval matters, unless enforced by pressure from without, it will be quite impossible to restrain naval officers from promoting the well-being of the service by offending against the etiquette of the Admiralty. It is not a desirable thing that a newspaper war should go on between the officers of the Navy and the authorities who have a right to expect their obedience; but it is still less desirable that the navy should go to ruin in order to preserve the due degree of subordination in the different ranks of the service. The only way in which both of these evils can be avoided will be by a radical change in the spirit of the Admiralty. If the Board would only work heartily and rationally in carrying out the duties entrusted to it, instead of waiting to be set in motion by external pressure, unseemly appeals by naval officers to the *Times* would be avoided without injury to the vital interests of the country. It would be unfortunate if the case of the cupola ships should be made a precedent for similar attacks on the administration of the navy, just as it would have been unfortunate if NELSON's gross breach of discipline in winning a battle against orders had been considered to justify a general disregard of the orders of an Admiral in command of a fleet. But if admirals in command never hoisted absurd signals, and Lords of the Admiralty never rejected the most reasonable applications, there would be no room for such breaches of discipline. If the Board is really anxious to preserve its authority unimpaired, it has only to show that it can and will move with effect, without requiring the continually renewed impulses of a press naturally impatient of the sluggish and blundering progress of the most important of all Government departments at the most critical epoch of its existence.

The mistake which has been made in this business of cupola ships will no doubt be rectified, and would not be of so much importance as it is were it not a typical illustration of the conduct to be expected from the Admiralty in other matters of scarcely less importance. Among the subjects which have long been pressed upon the Board, with but little effect, is the provision of dock accommodation for the monster ships which are now being added to the strength of the British navy. The *Warriors* and *Black Prince*, and other ships of the class which must supersede our old liners, are almost destitute of the means of effecting repairs except at particularly favourable periods. Only one or two basins are large enough to receive them; and the principal pairing yard—that at Portsmouth—is inaccessible to them, except during tides of more than average height. Even before this large additional demand was made upon the dockyards, the accommodation for the British navy was not more than half that provided for the smaller fleet of France. In consequence of the revolution which has taken place in the methods of shipbuilding, that accommodation is practically sufficient only for one or two vessels of the largest class. After an action, our fleet would be exposed for an indefinite time, and possibly in a disabled condition, to all the hazards of the Channel, and it is absolutely imperative that prompt measures should be taken to supply the perilous deficiency of accommodation. Is the Admiralty to be allowed to pursue its usual course, and to do nothing until some influential officer forgets the rules of etiquette and brings the press to bear upon the obstinate inaction of his superiors? Or may it for once be hoped that the Admiralty will profit by the exposure to which it has subjected itself, and learn to take the lead in the improvements which the naval service so urgently demands?

AFTER MEAT, MUSTARD.

A VERY curious innovation on old-fashioned constitutional doctrine has latterly found almost universal favour with patriots and advocates of retrenchment. It is apparently coming to be an understood thing among the Friends of the People that the business of voting the Army and Navy Estimates is an empty formality, which means

nothing. It is only after that annual ceremony has been completed that it is the business of the popular member to criticize the outlay to which he has been a consenting party. Nobody, it seems, is committed to anything by a tacit participation in votes which dispose of millions of public money in a night. It is perfectly right and proper to sit by and hold one's tongue while Parliament is irrevocably determining the expenditure of the year, and then, weeks or months afterwards, when the thing is done and cannot be undone, to denounce it as impolitic and profligate. Mr. GLADSTONE has even gone the length, on more than one occasion, of intimating personal disapproval of estimates framed and passed on his own official responsibility; but this is an eccentricity which is at length admitted to be indefensible. He has now acknowledged—we must say not a day too soon—that "a Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he has agreed to an "expenditure on particular objects, has no right, directly or "indirectly, to disparage that expenditure;" and it may therefore be hoped that he will not again court the applause of provincial admirers by proclaiming that the finances which it is his duty to administer are "not in a "healthy state." In other quarters, however, the new theory of political and Parliamentary irresponsibility appears to be making considerable way. It has long been a favourite doctrine of the Radical platform that the champions of retrenchment need not trouble themselves to oppose, in Committee of Supply, money votes which they are nevertheless free to claim against, all the rest of the year, as wasteful and wicked; and the other day we had the same doctrine preached by Conservative party leaders. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thinks it "high time to call attention to the expenditure of the country" just at the moment when he and his friends have concurred in settling what the year's expenditure is to be; and Mr. DISRAELI loudly inveighs, in the second week of May, against "bloated "armaments" for which he quietly voted in the first week of March. It really seems to be established by general consent that the proper time for objecting to the Government Estimates is after they have been voted, and not before.

A rather extreme illustration of this new reading of the Constitution has just been promised to the world by a Radical member for Halifax. Mr. STANFIELD gave notice a few nights back that in the month of June he will bring forward a motion "for the reduction of the public expenditure." That is to say, exactly three months after all the most material items of the public expenditure have been irrevocably fixed by unanimous votes of the House of which Mr. STANFIELD is a member, he will ask the same House to resolve that the public expenditure is excessive and extravagant. It would be difficult to imagine a happier exemplification of the proverb which the PREMIER so neatly applied in last week's debate. The meat has all been served and consumed long ago, and the mustard comes just as the cloth is about to be removed. It never occurred to the member for Halifax to talk about reducing the public expenditure when proposals for reduction might possibly have been considered to some practical purpose. We do not remember that on any single occasion he had a word to say against the separate items of that outlay which he now censures in the aggregate. There was one Supply night when a very zealous patriot was seized with the sudden thought of knocking ten thousand men off the Army Estimates, but it does not appear that the notion approved itself to the judgment of the gentleman who now declares himself shocked at the enormity of our expenditure. History does not record that Mr. STANFIELD, any more than Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. COBDEN, made one of the eleven who joined in Mr. WHITE's protest against bloated armaments. If the expenditure of the country is extravagant, Mr. STANFIELD shares in the responsibility for that extravagance, for he never thought it necessary to give even a silent vote against it. If he should succeed in proving that his constituents are unduly taxed to defray the cost of superfluous ships and soldiers, he will also prove at the same time that he has neglected the first and most elementary duty of a Parliamentary representative. It is a remarkable instance of the force of cant and claptrap in obscuring the most obvious truths, that a popular member should think to win credit and reputation by a proceeding which simply amounts to a confession that he is an idle and unprofitable servant of the people. Mr. STANFIELD is a man of undoubted ability, yet he is perhaps sincerely of opinion that he is taking an eminently meritorious course in proposing a posthumous condemnation of acts of which he has already accepted the responsibility.

It is difficult to understand the theory of public duty which can reconcile unresisting acquiescence in a Minister's estimates with profound disapproval of the policy which they necessarily imply. It is no less difficult to understand how a sensible man can persuade himself that any practical object is to be gained by asking the House of Commons to condemn in the lump an expenditure which it has sanctioned in detail. It is certain that two and two make four, and, by every rule of logic and arithmetic, Parliament itself is powerless to vary the sum total of votes which have separately received its definitive approval. Gentlemen who are too indolent, or too busy, to check the items of an account as they are successively brought before them, may spare themselves the trouble of quarrelling with the figures which stand at the foot of the Bill. If Mr. STANFIELD's motion is intended as a promise of future retrenchment rather than as a confession of past prodigality, we can only say that an abstract resolution about next year's expenditure will be found to be totally nugatory when next year comes. The expenditure of 1863 will be determined by the felt necessities and utilities of 1863, not by any particular form of words which may have been entered on the journals of the House of Commons in 1862, and which, from the nature of the case, can only embody some futile truism. So long as popular members systematically shirk what Mr. BRIGHT calls the "unavailing task" of examining the estimates when they are presented, and opposing at the time items which they deem objectionable, all the phrases in the world will go for nothing towards ensuring that careful husbanding of the nation's ways and means which is the only true economy. It might be something to the purpose if the member for Halifax and his Radical friends would register a vow (and keep it) to attend in their places on Supply nights, and steadily resist in detail the extravagance which they now satisfy themselves with vaguely denouncing in the mass. There is not, however, the smallest sign that they contemplate the future performance of an obligation which they do not seem to recognise as even theoretically binding. Those who vote with Mr. STANFIELD in June for the reduction of the public expenditure will probably be quite contented, when February and March come round again, to leave the public expenditure to take care of itself. It is remarkable that this sort of thing appears, on the whole, to suit Radical constituencies. We have never observed that a Friend of the People incurs the slightest loss of popularity with his local supporters by uniformly neglecting the one duty which he is presumably sent to the House of Commons to discharge. It is easier to cant about extravagant estimates and bloated armaments than to look into the public accounts and see that the country gets value for its money; and, to all appearance, this cheapest form of patriotism tells excellently well with the ten-pounders.

INDIAN PROSPECTS.

THE intelligence from India leaves still a little doubt as to the extent of the revolution which the concession of a fee-simple tenure will ultimately effect in the land system of India. Although in Bengal the applications for waste land are said to be numerous, Madras and Bombay have not yet moved in the matter, and the result of the experiment will probably depend mainly on the liberality with which this last of Lord CANNING's important measures may be worked. The old jealousy of independent settlers, whose intercourse with the natives might endanger the tranquillity of the country, was not without reason in its time; but the policy of keeping a tight control over all interlopers has, we think rightly, been abandoned as obsolete in the face of the great changes which the mutiny and its consequences have brought about. Assuming this conclusion to flow inevitably from the course of events, it is obvious that it must be accepted frankly, if at all. Colonization, so far as colonization is possible in such a climate, if tolerated at all, must be encouraged and regulated. To halt between the old and the new systems, and to swell the numbers of settled Englishmen without thoroughly removing the grievances of which they complained under the rule of the Company, would be the surest way of adding to the danger which alarmists of the old school foresaw in the free admission of planters and speculators from the Mother-country. On the other hand, nothing would be more mischievous or less likely to promote good feeling between the superior and inferior races, than to suffer the relations of the English capitalist and his native dependents to become throughout all India as em-

bittered as they still are in some of the Indigo districts. The Indian Government seems to have been fully alive to the considerations to which we have adverted. It has given the most extended interpretation to the rules for the enfranchisement of the wastes of India, and it is working with a good will, if not as yet with entire success, in bringing the feuds between landlord and tenant, and planter and ryot, somewhat more under the control of law than they have hitherto been.

The original measure for the grant of waste lands in fee simple, and for the redemption of the land-tax in districts already under assessment, was, with an intelligible amount of caution, fettered by various conditions which could only be maintained while the measure itself retained its tentative character. One of these rules was, that no single grant should exceed 3000 acres—a provision by which it was desired to discourage the land-jobbing system which has been so rife in many English colonies. It soon became clear that, if a real demand for enfranchised land arose, it would be quite impossible to prevent a single purchaser from obtaining as many grants as he pleased in different names, and the Government have, it seems, prudently acquiesced in the practical abolition of a restriction which could not be enforced. If Lord CANNING's policy should continue to prevail, capitalists who may be desirous of making permanent investments in the soil of India will find no obstacles thrown in their way, and the policy of comparative free trade in land will be allowed to bear in the East the fruits which it has so abundantly produced at home.

The other side of the question, which looks to the cultivation of harmonious relations between the owners and occupiers of land, though full of embarrassment in districts where confidence has been destroyed by oppression on one side and dishonesty on the other, will be less difficult to deal with in newly settled districts. All that is needed is that the law should be equitable in itself, and at the same time prompt, economical, and effective. It was quite as much the defects of the civil remedy which the courts of the country affected to give as anything else which led to the rather high-handed system of enforcing their rights which some among the English planters had adopted. The indigo disturbances have proved that an agrarian system existed as mischievous as that which some years since crippled the productive energies of Ireland, and which is always likely to prevail where the actual occupiers of land are of the poorest cottier class. We hear now that, in those parts of India where the indigo contract system flourished in its worst form, the ryots have combined, to a great extent, to resist payment of rent, while the landlords serve their notices to quit and their legal process by the thousand, after the fashion which is only now dying out in some portions of Ireland. A special commission to deal promptly, and without appeal, with all landlord and tenant disputes is the remedy which has been attempted in India; and although this can be but a temporary measure, it points to the necessity of a vastly improved administration of justice as the adjunct to the new measures for the encouragement of the class of Indian colonists. With Courts more accessible and less dilatory, there is no reason why the supremacy of the law should not be effectually asserted without introducing into the agrarian code a degree of severity which, whether justifiable or not under special circumstances, is a certain sign that the relations of landlord and tenant are not in a condition which is likely to lead to the prosperity of either class.

It is somewhat strange that the inducements which the liberal policy of the Indian Government has recently held out to encourage the introduction of English capital, should be viewed, in some quarters, with a jealousy which is not excited by the similar efforts of foreign countries to draw to themselves some share of the unemployed wealth of this country. Owing partly to the regular course of accumulation, and the extreme commercial caution of the last few years, and still more to the interruption of the staple industry of Lancashire, which in ordinary times employs almost all the spare capital which the country can furnish, there is at this moment an abundance of capital seeking investments which England cannot or does not supply. At the very same time India is thirsting for capital, and, what is much more to the purpose, is offering, in a multitude of different shapes, returns sufficient to stimulate the enterprise of the most sluggish of English capitalists. The Government of India has done its utmost to encourage the flow of wealth from the home country, where it cannot be used with advantage, to a dependency which cannot grow in prosperity without adding

to the trade, the profits, and the comfort of England herself. Why should we look grudgingly on such a commerce? It is suggested that the excessive supply of Indian demands will interfere with the equally important requirements of other colonies, and it is made a special subject of complaint, that, by guaranteeing certain interest to railways and other public undertakings, the Government of India is unduly interfering with the natural course of investment. So far are these complaints carried that a Turkish or a Russian loan is welcomed as a specially legitimate means of diverting our surplus capital from Indian channels. Nothing can be more short-sighted than this view. We do not grudge the Russian Government the success which has attended its venture on the Stock Exchange, nor are we at all anxious to defend the guarantee system. We have no faith in it, and believe that in all cases where a Government guarantee is required to set a commercial enterprise on foot, it is better and more economical for the Government itself to do the work and retain the whole of the profits. The real justification of the method employed for procuring capital for reproductive works in India is that, if that plan had not been adopted, no other would have taken its place. Statesmen who sanctioned the guarantee of interest on 50,000,000. of railway capital, would have shrunk from borrowing the same amount directly for the same purpose, though the risk would not have been greater, and the benefits would have belonged exclusively to the Treasury. But the comparative merits of a simple loan and a complicated guarantee machinery have nothing whatever to do with the question as affecting the flow of capital from England. A loan, whether undisguised or in the shape of a guarantee, for railways and canals, is at least as legitimate as a loan to defray the cost of a foreign war or the extravagances of a foreign Court, and it is difficult to understand why the abstraction of capital for an Indian railway loan should be deplored, and the very same effect, when caused by a loan to Turkey or Russia, placidly regarded as a legitimate application of means which cannot be as well employed at home. The only difference between foreign and Indian investments is, that the benefit of the one class is exhausted, as far as this country is concerned, by the annual payment of the stipulated interest, while the other is certain to react, through a multitude of channels, upon the industry of our own people. Fortunately, all the homilies of money-articles will not stop the flow of capital to countries which need it, and can pay for it, even though they be dependencies of our own; and those who have faith in the commercial and agricultural resources of India may look with confidence for the fruits of the liberal policy by which alone her capabilities can be fairly developed. Already the long-looked for surplus is announced as at hand, and the one great blot on the financial policy of Mr. WILSON (the protective duties on cotton goods) is about to be removed. A new era of progress may fairly be anticipated unless some unforeseen contingency should mar the prospect, as has happened again and again when the future looked almost as bright as it does now.

GOOD PEOPLE.

THE indisputable harm done by bad people, the repulsiveness of vice, and the weariness of vicious society, have been dwelt on pretty copiously in most English pulpits. But the parallel topic is necessarily closed to the preacher. He cannot dilate on the harm done by good people, on the unattractiveness of their way of going on, and on the tedium of living much with them. By good people we mean the ordinary religious world—the people who talk a particular language, distribute a particular set of tracts, and view life through a special set of religious spectacles. That these people are in some way right may be admitted, or at least cannot be contested without an inquiry into their creed, which we are not called on to make. The point to which we wish to draw attention is that they, and not bad people, are the real stumbling-block in the way of goodness to many fairly disposed people. This is a simple fact, and persons who are not limited by the conventionalities of the pulpit may as well record it as any other fact. The religious world is a great obstacle to religion. That may not be very much against it, for it may be the fault of those who will not do as good people do. It may be their indolence, or silly pride, or some trumpery vein of scepticism that alienates them; but they are, as a matter of fact, very much inclined to be made what the good people call worldly, by observing what the good people are like. And, however deluded they may be, they think that this feeling is a good and not a bad one. It surely is well worth noticing how such a feeling can be formed and avowed.

There are several points of difference between the religious and the external world which create no real barrier, and there are

several faults of the religious world which are very easily pardoned. Good people object to half the amusements, and to many of the occupations, of life, but that is no ground for quarrelling with them. If one man objects to going to a theatre, and thinks that hearing anything more comic than Albert Smith is inconsistent with the position of a pilgrim on earth, that can be no reason why another should dislike him. There is plenty of room for every variety of taste. The prevalent objection to the religious world is not at all an objection against a system that is too strict or too lofty in its conception of man's responsibility. Objections of this kind are the precise objections which well-disposed people are aware they must overcome. Nor are the social faults of the religious world noted very severely against it. It is often said, and we believe with great truth, that religious people are very fond of money and very fond of rank. But why is this? It is simply because their religion makes them respectable, and with respectability comes money, and with money a certain position in the world. Directly a person has obtained a highly respectable position, with abundance of money, he of course falls into the prevalent way of thinking found in the circle he enters. The decent upper classes of England—the staid people with handsome houses in London and out of London—have a particular way of living which they do not feel called on to change because they are religious. They cannot dine with a man who gives bad sherry because he takes an interest in the Patagonian Mission, nor can they let their daughters associate with the children of shopkeepers, merely because all the young women use the same hymn-books. They have a place in society to fill, and they fill it. They are called to have liveried servants, and hothouses and coach-horses. Why should not they have a neat livery and a succession of forcing-houses, and be as knowing in horse-flesh as is compatible with making the best of the other world? They may in all these matters be no better than the average Englishman; but they are no worse. They are not hypocrites. They do not profess a standard which they practically abandon. They simply go on as their neighbours do; and if a little wonder is sometimes expressed that they should think all this purple and fine linen, and this anxiety to stand well with Dives and his wife, the exact realization of their ideal, their frailty—if it is a frailty—is at least a very natural and human one, and no one seriously dislikes them for making themselves as comfortable as they can.

The real objections entertained to the religious world are of a different kind. The greatest and the most deeply felt is that the whole way of living, and talking, and thinking which they adopt is such a very poor, paltry affair. Religion is something so very twaddling, so little, so unaspiring, if this is what it is to come to. It is the mere catching of a peculiar way of talking, very trivial, very easily caught, and, as it appears to outsiders, singularly inapplicable to the facts of life and of society. It seems as if Christianity, which was once swelling in volumes big enough to fill the civilized world, had been at last confined, by some skilful artist, in a very little glass bottle. It has somehow, all at once, got rid of art, and ethics, and metaphysics, and history, and this is thought a great mercy and improvement. Perhaps it is; but some little disappointment is pardonable in those who have somehow got to think otherwise. There is, too, an uncertainty about it all which is not very attractive. This especially peeps out in children. They exhibit, with their usual amiable frankness, their real nature and their assumed nature. They mix up prattle and religious talk. They may not do what they ought, or behave well, or keep themselves clean, or show consideration for others, but they have got the regulation phrases by heart. There are two facts with regard to the children of good people which we do not exactly pretend to account for, but which are attested by general experience. The one is, that religious little boys are deceitful; and the other is, that the daughters of religious people quarrel with their mothers. There are also faults of a grave kind to which good people are exceedingly prone, and which incontestably raise a prejudice against them. In the first place, they do not care about truth. This is quite different from saying that they knowingly and wilfully tell falsehoods. They shrink from the very name of a lie. But they are accustomed to talk a hazy language, and they are also accustomed to back up a cause. They have always some rival to crush, or some project to introduce, or some little difficulty to conceal; and they choose their words accordingly. They are often, also, grossly unjust. Justice is the one virtue which they cannot even conceive the meaning of. They do not even wish to be fair. They want to do the best they can for themselves, and their party, and their cause; and they have nothing to do with other people's parties and causes. They must back their friends, and they do it so heartily that they learn to do it quite unconsciously.

In all these respects the goodish people of the world have a conspicuous advantage over the good. There are quantities of people who lead outwardly the same life as the good, who force grapes, and are very particular whom they know, and support charities, and help the poor, and are decent, comfortable, church-going Christians. The only thing is that they are not in the religious world, and do not wish to be—do not care about its preachers, eschew its meetings, cannot talk its language, do not train their children to talk piously. But they take an interest in most of the pursuits of mankind, look with a lenient eye on pagans, and with an admiring eye on a vast collection of worldly people. They occupy their minds with art, or history, or some other terrestrial occupation. They whip their boys if they will not behave well, and bring their daughters to their senses if they try to be impudent. They wish to be fair and honest, and if they think a person unjustly treated,

they stick up for him. Such people, as compared with good people, are often sadly attractive. It is like getting out of a hot atmosphere to get to them. They are serene, comforting, and comfortable. It is this contrast that really weighs upon thousands of minds, and not the contrast between vice and virtue, religion and irreligion. Theoretically, it may be acknowledged, the religious world has hit on truth; but practically it seems somehow to fail. It does not really appear so good as something else which it affects to despise and avoid.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that this discussion has nothing to do with the necessity and power of religion of a higher kind. There are plenty of men and women whose religion is the noblest element in a noble character. We speak only of what is technically known as the religious world, and even of that we say no more than that it repels many persons who are by no means irreligious. Philosophy can of course teach us to take a rosy view of the religious world, for it can teach us to take a rosy view of everything. It may not be strong enough to support us in an actual and daily collision with what we dislike. It could scarcely make sermonising children anything but a nuisance; but so long as we sit outside the religious world and contemplate it, we can regard it without dislike, and even with a certain degree of complacency. We cannot bring ourselves to say that, even in the case of the religious world, religion does not do a great deal of good. The religious people would probably have been worse if they had not been religious. If their religion has brought with it some special weaknesses, it has also, we may be sure, helped them in many ways. In the first place, it has made them respectable. The profession of piety in England does unquestionably make people tolerably careful, as a rule, of the greater proprieties. This is not much, but it is something. It also fosters benevolence, and thus acts as a sort of check upon the pride of wealth, which might easily in this country become intolerable; and it keeps up the belief in something great and valuable which is not calculated by a mere money standard. If people are inclined to be good, we must not expect the bulk of them to be good in any way but that which suits their age and country. In Naples we see a form of worship which looks like the idlest mummery. The old women are nominally credited with the last follies of a superstition which really has hold of the mass of the nation. If people at Naples are devout, as we must wish they should be, this is the way they show their devotion. If half-educated English people, and those connected by birth or marriage with certain circles, are devout as we must wish they should be, the way they show their devotion is by adhering to a particular set of phrases, distributing a particular set of tracts, and running after a particular set of clergymen and missionaries. It is, at the worst, a purer and nobler way than that which the old Neapolitan women adopt; and if we want one still better, we must wait till the world is a little further advanced. At present, we cannot expect to see all the beauty and power of religion except in a few unpretending homes, and a few occasional instances of great individual excellence.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

IT is a question upon which the most curiously opposite judgments are often openly pronounced, how far good music and good poetry agree together. There are cultivated listeners who would as lief hear the clauses of an Act of Parliament sung to a beautiful air, as the finest stanzas that ever shaped themselves in a poet's brain; and there are accomplished singers who would as readily sing them. There are listeners to whom it appears a defect in singing if the words even of an unknown language are not distinctly enunciated, and there are others who instinctively, or on principle, never listen to the words at all. Some go so far as to assert that true poetry is not fit to be sung; while to other ears the acme of enjoyment is only found in the marriage of perfect music unto noble words.

It is easy to reconcile these contrarieties of opinion upon a subject which might be thought an extremely simple one, by saying that, in point of fact, the one set of people care for poetry and not for music, and the other for music and not for poetry. But experience shows that this summary settlement of the dilemma is not the true one. Persons confessedly possessed of the most genuine power of appreciating each of these arts are to be found on either side, and not unfrequently on the side upon which you would not have expected to meet them. Nor, again, does the side taken in the controversy depend on the comparative esteem in which the two arts are held. Persons who rate poetical beauty far higher than musical beauty are found to agree with those whose main study and passion is music. Apparently, it is as delicately insoluble a problem of taste as the question whether sculpture suffers or gains by giving a faint tinge of colour to the marble.

It is notorious that some of the most exquisite music of modern composition has taken the form of "songs without words." And it may be doubted whether the most perfect specimens of this class would be improved by attaching to them even ideally suitable and beautiful language. There is a pleasure that flows from the combination of a most definite tenderness, joyousness, or plaintiveness of feeling in the music, with an actual vagueness of expression as regards the vocal utterance of the feeling, which would be lost if the air were tied down to one set of words only. Songs without words are, in truth, songs with an indefinite variety of sets of words which may be sung to them in the mind's ear, and one or other of which is so sung, every time they are played, to the ear of each genuine listener. The temperament, or the particular humour for the

moment, of the individual listener will colour slightly the details of the imaginary words of the song in accordance with its own taste, subject to the general guidance given by the emphasis and harmony of the musical score. Enough is left to be filled out by everybody's private imagination, to ensure the absence of any jarring of the feelings of the audience through the utterance of a chord of thought which might please one and displease another. A crowd of persons may sit all alike rapt in positive delight through a performance of one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," while every member of it is unconsciously agreeing to differ harmoniously with his next neighbour as to the exact shade of meaning expressed by each passage of the song. Mendelssohn has left every one of his million hearers to be, in regard of those songs, his own poet for ever.

Yet it by no means logically follows from the perfection attainable by songs without words, that when words are set to music, their poetical quality should be a matter of indifference to the singer or the hearer. The difference of position between vocalists and their audience may indeed affect the degree of importance respectively attached by them to the meaning and beauty of the words. The part of the audience is a purely passive one—that of being drawn along in sympathetic emotion by the voice of the singer. It is the beauty which is actually present, embodied in the audible rendering of the air and words, not any beauty which might be there, but does not happen to be there, to which the audience look for pleasure and satisfaction. They are not forced to analyse the component parts of the effects of a piece of vocal music with critical strictness, unless the whole leaves a sensation of disappointment or incompleteness. They may, in short, allow indifferent words to pass under the envelope of good music, provided the disproportion of sentiment or strength be not too monstrously patent. A very indolent audience may even go so far as to succeed in overlooking or disregarding the vast difference of level between the moderately good music of Mr. Balf and the immoderately miserable nonsense of Mr. Bunn's words. But the audience with which such songs as the poet Bunn's become popular must be a very indolent one; and the kind of protest against the Bunn poetry which generally accompanied the confession of liking for the song, among all but the most uneducated of that audience, is in itself a homage paid to the idea that good words are better than bad for singing or for listening to when sung. The vocalist, as we said, stands in a different relation to the words of which he is the mouthpiece. Good or bad, he is bound to make the most of them for the purposes of the song—bound to give his mind actively and earnestly to the task of expressing in his musical delivery whatever glimmer of meaning they may contain, just as an ordinary reader is bound to mind his steps under penalty of making nonsense of what he reads. With his faculties concentrated as they should be upon his rendering of the air in its most perfect adaptation to the words, it would seem almost impossible for any but a mere mechanical vocalist to be indifferent to the language in which the sentiment of the song is clothed. Yet the fact stands, as noted above, that accomplished singers are to be found who profess to disregard any really poetical qualities in the words they are set to sing, as having simply nothing to do with the musical meaning which it is their duty to convey. Some explanation of this paradox is no doubt to be found, but we confess our inability to hit upon any that is reasonably satisfactory.

It is true that, inasmuch as poetry and music affect to a certain extent the same sensibilities in human nature, the same affection of these sensibilities may be brought about in some measure by the use of either instrument. The power of one art may be substituted for that of the other; and it may be thought by utilitarian critics a wasteful economy to lavish the joint resources of two arts upon an effect which may be sufficiently produced by one alone. If the varieties of musical modulation which Beethoven found it possible to adapt to the repetitions of the word "Adelaide" are among the most poignantly and exquisitely pathetic phrases in the celebrated song of that name, what need is there of a more developed poetry for musical enunciation than is contained in the mere idea of calling after that which is lost? Yet the same argument might be carried into the sphere of reading as well as that of song. The famous preacher whose earnest and solemn delivery of the word "Mespotamia" always drew tears from a sympathetic congregation, might as reasonably excuse himself from the necessity of putting anything else into his sermons as long as he could produce the wondred effect with the wondred cabalistic formula. It is also true that, in proportion as either art is cultivated to a higher pitch of perfection, it is more capable of standing alone and relying on its own skill for striking those chords of association in the human soul over which its magical touch has power. The music of modern ages is as much more self-sufficient in its massive strength and fulness of harmonies than the rude succession of notes or chords first played by man upon Pan's pipe or Apollo's lyre, as the verse of a great modern poet is than the first jingle of rhyme or rhythm invented for the sake of committing a simple saying more easily to memory. But is it a consequence that, because both arts have learnt to go alone, either of them has outrun its capacity of being profitably yoked with the other? Surely the proper consequence is rather that the educated excellence of each sister art demands reciprocally a higher perfection if they are to be properly combined. It is impossible to lay down any rules for the exact balance of importance to be maintained between the poetical and musical expression of the same idea, which constitute a song. It may be that a more absolute simplicity of thought and a more pliable elasticity of diction are demanded of the poet where his verse is to be fitted to the subtler and more complex melodies of which modern music is

capable; and that in compensation, the composer is bound to keep down (even, if necessary, to the point of sacrificing altogether) the subtleties of embellishment which he might employ in purely instrumental music, when he is dealing with a highly-concentrated and strongly-worded strain of poetical thought. There certainly are poems of a very high order, of which all the possible music appears to be so thoroughly brought out to the ear in simple reading, that a musical vocalization or accompaniment is felt to be superfluous and out of place. Yet the relation of even the most sonorous and gigantic specimens of this class of poems to musical harmonies is well indicated in the orthodox critical observation, that to prepare yourself fully to enjoy a reading of the *Paradise Lost*, you ought to listen to a symphony of Handel on the organ. However true it be that much of our highest poetry is fitter to be said than sung, we believe that, wherever a lyrical form is used—or, indeed, wherever the form and subject of a poem admit of a musical interpretation—the true poet will not think that he is uselessly gilding refined gold if he fits his verse to be sung as well as said. Nor will the true musician hold it a waste of time or opportunity to adapt and subordinate his music to words which have an emphasis and weight of their own.

The usual objection made on the other side is that, in all good poetry, so strong and inflexible an emphasis exists already that any modification of it spoils its coherence and beauty. Every intelligent reader has his own idea of the proper way in which each line should be read, and silently protests against every other. Yet hardly any two neighbours will be found to possess an identically similar ear or habit of intonation. A poet ought certainly to know better than anybody else wherein the secret of his own melody lies. Yet poets are sometimes found to read their own stanzas in a manner which the great bulk of their admirers would pronounce metrically unintelligible. Every English student of Dante forms for himself a definite impression of the grand and measured musical cadence of the verses of the *Divine Comedy*. But when first he hears Dante read aloud by an educated Italian he is forced to recognize the fact that what to himself is a measured musical cadence is to the Italian ear pure monotony, obviously inconsistent with any Italian theory of the music to be found in Dante's words. It is only after acquiring a conversational familiarity with the spoken language, that the English reader can condone the native method of declaiming heroic verses, or allow that sonorous grandeur and musical delivery are in any degree compatible with the broken, jerky alternation of quick and slow utterance, high and low tones, which at first appears to him its chief characteristic. In reality, the inherent beauty of the language admits of expression in either way, when the ear of the hearer is once familiarised with the particular machinery of expression that is used; and the same principle holds good in regard of singing poetical verses. A perfect poem is not spoilt for simple recitation, because the reciter retains in his memory the variety of intonation which it requires when set to appropriate melody. No intelligent writer would ever think of mixing the two methods, any more than a sober Englishman, however familiar with Italian declamation, would adopt for his private gratification the manner of reciting Dante which prevails among the poet's own countrymen. There appears to us no reason why the most sensitive ear should not equally enjoy in the highest degree beautiful poetry when perfectly read and when perfectly sung. We might say that the more we consider this point, the more there appears to us every reason why it should do so. But it is clear that in practice the result is very frequently otherwise. We are unable to alter the patent fact, that ears which have the most acute discernment of fine poetry when read, and ears which are most skilled in appreciating good music when sung, are often profoundly indifferent to the intrinsic quality of the words which the singer is called upon to deliver in all the varying intensities of musical feeling.

DISHCOVERS AND DRIPPING PANS.

THE Commissioners of the Great International Exhibition have, as is patent to all the world, their own theory of beauty. At first, while they were speaking the unbidden feelings of their hearts, they maintained the erection with which they have disfigured the neighbourhood of the Horticultural Gardens to be a beautiful work of art. Their discerning eyes were pleased with the vast acreage of railway station they had built, and the two Brobdingnagian *mamelons* that surmount it. But the unanimity of public execration has driven them from this position. They now profess that it was their poverty, not their will, that consented to those monstrosities. Symmetry, they tell us, is in the market. It is true that it is an expensive luxury, but still if the public had wished for it they might have had it. The inexhaustible Captain Fowke could have produced it, as he could have produced anything else, in any quantity to order. But beggars must not be choosers; and the Commissioners, whom the Bank refused to treat with in their corporate capacity, were compelled to content themselves with the hideous, for want of money to buy the beautiful. In answer to this consoling theory, we can only regret that they were not slightly poorer. The colossal ugliness of those domes assuredly did not conduce to economy. The architectural demerits of the building would have been less repelling if it were not for the invitation which it gives to criticism. It is not the absence of ornament, or even of grace, that makes the new building so frightful a disfigurement to the quarter of London which is afflicted with its presence. A mere shed of brick and glass might have seemed a paltry adjunct to a great national display; but the public would have no more thought of criticizing its proportions than of discussing the architecture of a sentry-

box, or the ornamentation of a servants' hall. But the two mountainous excrescences, obviously destitute of any practical use, proclaim an ambition to be beautiful, and force the attention of all observers, not only to their own utter disproportion, but to the ugliness of the rest of the building. If an old lady will wear a low gown and hair à l'Imperatrice, wrinkles and nut-crackers are not likely to pass unobserved.

It would be a matter of curiosity to inquire how far this commercial view of architectural excellence extends in official minds. If symmetry and beauty, like the International refreshments, are only to be had at a fancy price, we wonder whether the Commissioners considered the humbler virtues of commodiousness and good repair to be within their means. The present aspect of the building augurs badly for the day, if ever it shall come, when it will have to stand the test of a crowd of visitors. It is said that Sir Charles Barry, in drawing out his plans for the existing House of Commons, and calculating the amount of seat room that would be required, omitted to make any allowance for the fact that members have knees, which must intervene between the edge of one seat and the back of another. The result has been a chamber which cannot hold half its members. The present appearance of the floor of the Exhibition encourages the hypothesis that Captain Fowke has overlooked the equally important fact that visitors have legs. It is difficult to say what it is that blocks up the nave; and it is equally difficult to say what it is not. It would require the peculiar talents of Mr. Sala to enumerate the extraordinary variety of the barricades which the Commissioners have erected to dam up the stream of visitors. Toy-trophies, fruit-trophies, and tallow-trophies, light-houses and men in armour, jewel-cases and small-arms, obelisks and red benches, are a few among the most conspicuous dangers of that intricate navigation. It looks as if some nomad tribe of exhibitors had migrated into the building during the early period of its existence, had squatted where they listed upon its ample plains, and, strong in possession, had defied the subsequent efforts of despairing Commissioners to turn them out. Such a theory does not seem to be very far from the actual truth. By the explanations which have appeared with reference to the toy-trophy—the most odious of all these impediments to sight and motion—the Secretary seems, at first at least, to have looked upon the building as a boundless prairie, in which unlimited blocks of territory might safely be granted before survey to the first bidder. It is hardly probable that he contemplated in his mind's eye the vision of a throng of holiday makers pressing *en queue*, through the narrow and sinuous paths which the forest of trophies has not yet overgrown. He appears rather, in his apportionment of space, to have proceeded upon the melodramatic principle, that "where there is enough for one, there is enough for two." In course of time, it may be anticipated that the weather will get finer, and the prices of admission will fall, and the working men, and the schools out for a day's lark, and the parsons at the head of their agricultural labourers, will begin to pour in. When they reach the Trophy narrows they will infallibly be jammed; and a crowd, with the best intentions, cannot help crushing some of its constituent atoms, or prevent the spasmodic efforts to be free on the part of those who are being flattened. Under such circumstances, the Queen's China service, and the Italian vases, will have an opportunity of measuring their solidity against that of an average British skull. Our best wishes attend upon them during the trial.

But the late seasonable weather has brought to light another architectural perfection which the Commissioners have been too poor to compass. Success in keeping out the rain appears to be a very elementary achievement on a builder's part; but it is one to which the cunning workmen employed by the Commissioners have not been ambitious enough to aspire. A walk inside the Exhibition during the last few days has resembled the exploration of a stalactite cave more than any other species of excursion. The visitor is only reminded that the drip, which it is his chief occupation to dodge, is a matter of official and not of natural arrangement, by the fact that he is not allowed to protect himself with an umbrella. These diminutive shower-baths add very seriously to the difficulties and dangers of the navigation. They impose on you the necessity of distracting your attention to the defence of another unprotected point. It is hard enough to look about you as you should, consistently with the vigilance necessary to steer clear of projecting objects of art, without running foul of red benches insidiously disposed to catch your shins. But all these dangers must be carelessly braved if you mean to save your new hat or your carefully trimmed bonnet from a share in the solution of soot and cement which the skill of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas have provided for the irrigation of unwary visitors. A fashionable holiday maker of a frugal mind, who is of opinion that it is cheaper to receive the Commissioners' dripping in her eye than on her artificial flowers or her gown, must take care to keep her gaze steadily fixed on high. The streets of Edinburgh in our grandfathers' time were not more dangerous to Sunday clothes than the nave and galleries of the Exhibition just at present. Of course the effect upon the exhibitors is still more serious. Sheffield goods and silks are even less patient of shower-baths than visitors; and their owners, who never counted on this struggle with the elements, and have not prepared their wares for camping out, are beginning to talk of returning with them to edifices of a less magnificent but more water-tight construction. In the meantime, temporary precautions have been adopted; and some of the Courts are beginning to look as if their owners had gone out of town. Splendid pedestals are visible on which something, no doubt of corresponding grandeur, has been placed, but a shapeless

mass of oil-cloth is the only thing that can be said to be exhibited. Close by, your neighbour, who has been there before, points out to you what looks like a large bundle of dirty linen, but which he assures you, if you could only see it, is an exquisite Florentine table. Even now, a sight-seer who desires to go through the round of admiration which will enable him conscientiously to say that he has done the Exhibition, must walk by faith as well as by sight. That decent drapery which Mr. Rochefort Clarke used, in the name of public morality, to demand for the statues of the last Exhibition, will soon become a matter of necessity in this. If a spell of rainy weather should set in, we may at least take comfort in the reflection that the display of tarpaulin will be the finest the world has ever seen. We are far from meaning to insinuate that the Commissioners have done nothing to mitigate the evil. On the contrary, if you happen to go there on a rainy day, the shiny aspect of the floor, and the pleasing aroma it gives forth, will assure you that a mop has been employed; and if you venture on into the galleries, you will find the natural difficulty of seeing the objects that are concealed there considerably enhanced by the necessity of stepping into a housemaid's pail, or a garden water-pot, in order to get near them. At first, you may be inclined to wonder that objects of art, comparatively so humble, should be favoured with so prominent a position. Possibly you stoop down to examine them more closely, but a heavy drop of cold water upon the back of your neck soon enlightens you as to their use.

We do not profess to object to utilitarianism as such. If Captain Fowke thinks that his talents are more adapted to the useful than the ornamental, he is quite right to follow the bent of his genius. But we do entertain a very strong objection to the kind of utilitarianism which lets in the rain, blocks up the gangway, and spends the money which should have been applied to making the building watertight and commodious, on the erection of two hideous and purposeless mountains of glass. His zeal, however, is worse than his neglect. What he has done is a much more hopeless evil than what he has left undone. No great harm will be the result if the toy trophy should be smashed by a crowd, or if some of the visitors should carry away mementoes of the Exhibition in the shape of spots of soot and water upon their clothes. These misadventures will pass away and be forgotten. But of the eyesore of Brompton we never shall be rid. It will remain, like the National Gallery, to record, for the benefit of a late posterity, the hopeless perversity of the taste by which, in the nineteenth century, official patronage was inspired.

ATTENTION.

ATTER the first wants of nature are supplied—and amongst these we class not only material wants, but something to love and to care for—the one universal need is a certain amount of notice from our fellow-creatures, a home in the minds of others that we can take possession of at will, implying a prompt available interest in our ideas and opinions—what we will here call Attention. Regard, respect, even affection, though they all infer a place in the minds of our friends, do not express the peculiar homage we would designate by this somewhat cold and formal word. We may be loved, honoured, respected, and yet our admirers may take their own time to express their appreciation, and not attend to us when we are in the particular humour for their sympathy. All does not satisfy unless we have a hold, whenever we choose to assert it, over the mind and interest of others—unless we can feel that then and there we have possession of them—unless, in fact, we can command their attention, especially the attention of the choicest or most congenial minds within our reach. Truth is a fine thing where people can bear it, but there are truths which, in their naked austerity, human nature is not fit for; and the absolute amount of attention men gain when they are most anxious for it, and especially lay themselves out for it, is one of these. The work of a great many lives would stop if the workers realized how little their efforts are marked and regarded. The majority of men could not live happily if they did not live under a delusion in this respect. Of course, vain people are the greatest victims of the deception; but, in its degree, the craving for attention is as legitimate a longing as any other natural desire. Man, at his best, is so constituted as not to be able to separate himself from his work. He may, on the purest principles, desire the success of a great cause, but it costs an additional pang if not only the cause is slighted, but he himself is not attended to; while part of the charm of success is due, no doubt, to the sense of winning thought and sympathy in his own person. The vigorous, healthily constituted mind needs this essence of companionship, which is indeed the very sunshine of moral life. And yet we must all feel, if we reflect on our own habits of thought, that attention is a difficult effort—that it is a vastly more ambitious object of desire than to stand respectfully with our neighbours, or to secure the substantial regard of our friends—that, in fact, we make a large demand upon others when we interrupt the current of their thoughts, and expect to divert them to our channel. Any favour that people can grant us is more under their own will than that prompt, earnest, exact attention which is the universal assumption on which all social intercourse is built; for we must act on the idea that attention is a much more attainable good than it can be proved to be. No doubt there are people who take for granted, in their own persons, that attention is no effort, as it never occurs to them to doubt that the amount of attention they receive from their friends is all right. But theirs is not of the quality most eagerly sought for. People instinctively look for an attention which costs something to the giver, which implies real

labour, and a process of thought ; only they don't always know that this is the real meaning of attention. However, this is the attention that men want, and it strikes us that very few people are philosophical enough and strong-minded enough to bear the knowledge of how little any effort can secure it as an habitual or permanent possession. For attention, with most of us, is such an unchainable thing—it is so essentially a man's own—that to pin it and fix it beyond the tampering of the owner is very much such an achievement as conjuring genii into a bottle. We mean such command over it as is implied by a man's voluntarily, for any unbroken length of time, suspending his own interests, speculations, or, more probably, vague reveries, and attaching himself to yours.

In the ordinary routine business of life it is scarcely a practical question. We must constantly act as though we were being attended to, whether we are or not. Indeed, we can scarcely be certain how matters stand, and must talk, express opinions, make speeches on the chance ; but it will add greatly to our independence and serenity of mind if we realize something of the actual difficulty of bestowing the attention we profess to ask for, and the wondrous volatility of that faculty which we desire to hold suspended on our words. Our language has many golden forms of speech to tempt on ambitious or eloquent lips to feats of fine talking. We read of rapt, enslaved, charmed, fascinated, spellbound attention—of hearers hanging on men's lips, catching each accent as it falls, and the like ; but every phrase really betrays that unassisted nature is not equal to the strain, and that magic art alone can master the universal rebellion. Again, we have plenty of terms expressive of the effort needed to secure this coy and fleeting good. The phrases, to awake, arouse, stimulate, attract, arrest attention, all testify to the toil and difficulty of the work ; while the listener is not without an expressive vocabulary to convey the sufferings of forced, unwilling, jaded, weary, distracted, exhausted attention. He avenges himself on unworthy arts by a language of contempt for "claptrap"—for the dull spirits that reckon on a man's attention so long as they can forcibly "hold him by the button"—for those who use violence, and accomplish their end by "making folks stare."

The power of commanding the greatest possible share of attention, even by the most legitimate means, is perhaps not the sign of the highest intellect. Great intelligences can scarcely fail to shoot over the heads of commoner wits. A man must gain attention by assimilating himself to others, and adapting himself to their groove of thought. Thus Fenelon, who had this art to perfection, and charmed everybody that came near him, had a way of seeming to possess only just so much mind as the person he might happen to converse with—he could talk exactly like an equal. And Sydney Smith, whose pen had the power of attracting universal attention to every cause he had at heart, did it by seizing just those points of a subject with which the majority felt most at home. This is not commanding attention, but engaging it by adapting yourself to the average tastes, perceptions, and opinions of mankind. A man is thus attended to by slipping into other people's ways of thought—only by putting everybody's ideas in a dress flattering to their self-love. In the same spirit, Mark Anthony can afford to be modest, and humbly asks his countrymen to "lend him their ears," because he knows how to place his subject precisely on the level of their capacity. The matter that gains most ready attention in ordinary intercourse is easy, tolerably succinct, well-arranged narrative. We make no mention of wit or humour, because they are so short and flashing that they make no demand at all. The manner that secures it longer is a self-possessed, collected, determined one, unvisited by misgivings. When a man begins at the right end, and has a resolute clear hold of his subject, he seems to have a claim on our attention ; but all habits, tricks, and hesitations, as they betray failure of purpose, and weakness in his own hold, so they must detach and finally destroy ours. And yet how people will hum and ha, their minds all astray, while they utter conventional or inarticulate sounds, yet with unprincipled obstinacy refuse to release an attention which they have not vigour to keep in exercise ! For, after all, attention is so far subject to the senses that, however profitless, imperfect, and irksome, it cannot be wholly suspended at will.

There can be no doubt that real attention is a great talent and a great power. Indeed, an extreme impatience of attention incapacitates a man for a place in the world. There is a morbid, demoralized state of mind in which men cannot listen. They cannot follow another man's train of thought, for they cannot give their mind into another's custody even for a moment. The very thought of it is an irritation and a bondage. This is a subject for compassion where men recognize their infirmity, and agree neither to give nor take ; but we see it often in those who make large demands on the attention of others, and expect to be listened to at any length they choose. Again, there are people whose attention is simply criticism—who are not capable of an instant's suspension of the judgment—who accompany your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction, showing that they have heard all, and attended to every word, but with none of the deference of a listener. But the mind needs unresisting, merely listening attention for its proper development ; and this is one reason why the young ought to have the companionship of the young. Their elders are in such a relation to them that the mere act of silent attention might imply the sanction of a mature understanding, which of course the attention of equals does not, though impatient minds are too apt to suppose it does, and thus to lose substantial weight by mistimed interference. No man can be really influential who cannot listen as well as talk ; and no one can know anything of the mind of others without attending in the simple patient attitude of attention.

He who can do this is, by the very gift, a comfort and stay to anxious, tried, and perplexed spirits, to whom the mere unfolding of their difficulties is often the best remedy. Experience seems to teach men endowed with conscientious attention that all people have something in them worth attending to. Their patience often helps them through a dull stratum into a vein missed by all others, but well worth working. Sir Walter Scott was one of these, and maintained that he learnt something from every one he travelled with. His biographer especially remarks on his serene attention to bores, and how graciously, through interminable prolixities, "the same bland eye watched the lips of the tormentor." To the bystander it was a mere exercise of courtesy and forbearance ; but, as no person can be charming without the appearance of attention—and as in this case the appearance can scarcely exist without something of the reality—the occasion was probably by no means so great an annoyance to the victim as to a circle assembled to hear Sir Walter Scott talk, not to listen to a discussion on the Truck System, or the Greek Epigram, as the case might be.

The mention of the bland eye brings us to the true test and sign of attention. Courtesy can control every other mark of roving thought, but no deception can be practised on the eye. If a man is not really attending, he cannot make his eye look as if he were. Either the iris is restless, or it is perceptible that its repose arises from thought turned inward ; or, more hopeless still, the pupil is fixed in a determined unmeaning stare. In any case, we have constantly to talk on. Things have to be said, and we must say them, and infuse into the so-called listener a general sense of our subject. But do not talk for the pleasure of talking—for the mere relief of unburdening the mind to the wandering, the rigid, or the introspective glance. The owner of those eyes is wondering when you will have done, or he is absentedly occupied with his own affairs. Take the hint in good part, be as concise as you can, and relieve an unwilling engaged attention. Now the bore is one who is not an observer of signs. He plods on, set on delivering himself of what he has to say, so bewitched with the sound of his own voice that he does not mark, or, what is worse, is indifferent to all evidences of fatigue or restlessness. No one need be a bore who notes the eyes and postures of those with whom he converses. No one need force himself habitually on the unwilling notice of others. On the other hand, there are eyes that invite confidence—"bland," serene, clear-shining, out-looking eyes, at once patient and intelligent. This is the eye of the good listener. He keeps your pace—he goes with the fluctuations of fact or feeling or argument without effort. You may know you are not wearying him. Not that we would impose either upon a congenial glance or easy repose of attitude any unreasonable burden ; but such people are not so common but that we should recognise them, and value them, when we see them. As it is, men constantly think they like and prize people for their talking, when it is in fact for their listening ; and every kindly intelligent man who possesses this accomplishment is certain to win himself a great social reputation, and to be a pillar of any cause he takes up.

We have confined ourselves here to social attention, not to the attention men give to books, or pay to young ladies, or bestow on their own business, or on works of benevolence. It is well that people should realize the difficulty of attention in its simplest form. If they do, they will not lay all the blame on their instructors if they find their attention restive and unmanageable under greater trials. That was a candid entry in Dr. Johnson's diary where he resolves "to attend the sermon unless attention be more troublesome than useful;" for at any rate it implied that attention was an effort. Most people assume that nothing is easier than to fix the thoughts on transcendental and often too unfamiliar ideas, and that, if their attention flags and wearsies, of the two parties implicated in the transaction, it certainly is not themselves that are to blame.

NATIONALITIES.

ONE of the favourite cries for some years past has been that of "oppressed Nationalities." The formula, as a piece of English, is ridiculous. It is the same vile sort of slang as calling a famous man "a celebrity," or calling anything that turns out well "a success." One is inclined to ask why the people who use this jargon cannot say an "oppressed nation;" but it is certainly true that the word "nation" would not always express the idea which is meant to be conveyed by the word "nationality." A people badly governed by a ruler of its own blood may well be called an "oppressed nation," but no one would call it an "oppressed nationality." On the other hand, we imagine that the words "oppressed nationality" do not necessarily imply the presence of a cruel or rapacious government, but merely that the government is foreign, and that the people would prefer one that is native. The truth is, a word is wanted to express the idea, but "Nationality" is a very foolish word for the purpose. "Nationality" is the abstract word belonging to the concrete "nation," and it often has to be used as such. International lawyers talk of a man or a ship proving his or her "nationality"—that is, proving to what nation the man or the ship belongs—in short, proving of what State the people concerned are citizens or subjects. In this case, "nationality" has nothing to do with race or language, or with government good or bad, native or foreign. In this sense many Frenchmen have a British nationality, many Poles a Russian, many Greeks a Turkish, many Italians an Austrian nationality. International law courteously assumes that each Government represents a nation, and shapes its language accordingly. This last doctrine is, of course, the very one which the champions of "oppressed

nationalities" most strongly deny, and to a great extent they are quite right in denying it; but that is no reason why they should use an abstract noun when the sense asks for a concrete. Mr. J. S. Mill heads a chapter, "Of Nationality, as connected with Representative Government." That chapter contains the sentence, "This feeling of nationality may have been generated by various causes." If we began to pick holes in these phrases, it would be with the "connected" and the "generated" rather than with the "nationality." "Nationality" is in both places used quite properly in its abstract meaning. But Mr. Mill also says:—

A portion of mankind may be said to constitute a *Nationality*, if they are united among themselves by common sympathies which do not exist between them and any others—which make them cooperate with each other more willingly than with other people, desire to be under the same government, and desire that it should be government by themselves, or a portion of themselves, exclusively.

We feel that we have here a careful and weighty definition of something which greatly needs both a definition and a name. But we cannot in the least see why the thing so defined should be called "a Nationality." Mr. Mill seems to have given us the ideal definition of a Nation. The ideal map of the world would exhibit just as many independent Governments as there are portions of mankind answering Mr. Mill's definition. The international lawyers assume, as for their purposes they cannot help assuming, that every existing Government represents such a nation. In practice, we know that it is not so. Of existing States, some, according to Mr. Mill's definition, need division, while others need fusion with other States—that is to say, some portions of mankind which ought to be nations are, as a matter of fact, not nations. It would seem, then, that, in the phrase "oppressed Nationalities," a "Nationality" means something which ought to be a nation but is not one. But "Nationality" is a very awkward word for the purpose. The word already exists with quite another meaning, and the meaning given to it is not one which seems at all naturally to belong to it.

Putting aside this verbal question, Mr. Mill's definition of Nationality—that is, of what constitutes a Nation—is one most carefully to be studied. And all his recent illustrations are most thoroughly to the purpose. If he breaks down in some of the earlier ones, it is always from not fully knowing the facts, never from misapplying the bearing of the facts as he conceives them. And the whole chapter is most important, because Mr. Mill does not, like some enthusiasts, set up any one universal theory of Nationality. He most strongly insists on the fact that the feeling of Nationality—the feeling of attraction towards certain people, including of course the opposite feeling of repulsion towards certain others—may arise from different causes. Wherever we find the sympathies which Mr. Mill's definition expresses, and the antipathies which it implies, there we have the Nation, the Nationality, or whatever we are to call it. But those sympathies and antipathies may have been brought about by all kinds of causes. Sometimes nations have been formed out of elements which, on any sort of theory, it would have been thought impossible to keep together. Sometimes nations which, on any sort of theory, ought to have kept together, have unaccountably split asunder. France, the most united nation in Europe, is made up out of elements quite as incongruous as those of still disunited Germany. Before our eyes, at this moment, in defiance of every theory, Italy is uniting itself, and America is falling to pieces. In cases like these, the practical politician accepts the facts of the case as he sees them. The historian can commonly trace out the causes of those facts in past events. But the mere theorist, the man who has some key to explain all historical facts, the quack doctor of politics, who has some one cure for all diseases, is utterly at sea, and can make out nothing at all of the events which are passing around him.

In the chapter from which we have been quoting, Mr. Mill mentions some of the many causes which help to foster the feeling of Nationality, such as community of blood, language, and religion, geographical position, and what he is pleased to call "identity of political antecedents." He shows how these various causes produce various results in different cases—how, in some cases, artificial nations have been formed out of discordant elements, and how, in other cases nations of the same blood and language have been split asunder. Perhaps he does not give prominence enough to the working of manifest interest—not necessarily interest in a mere money sense, but the general interest of the nation. The heterogeneous cantons of Switzerland are mainly kept together by a tie of interest. The union of all is the only guarantee for the liberty of each. So in Italy—a good or an independent government in any part can only be secured by the union of the whole. To this feeling of high national interest, the strongest provincial differences and dislikes have given way. On the other hand, America separated from England, and the Southern States have now separated from the Northern, because, notwithstanding unity of blood and language, it was their manifest interest to separate. The Channel Islands, French in language and position, are loyally attached to England, because England preserves to them that local independence which France would infallibly destroy. All these facts are completely in the teeth of theories, but, as facts, they are indisputable, and their historical explanation is very simple. Mr. Mill goes on to lay down the rule that it is desirable, whenever it is possible, that nations and governments should coincide; but he adds, with great truth, that in some cases geographical considerations make it impossible. Take the Russian, Austrian, and Turkish Empires—the three Powers which sin most deeply against the law of Nationality. Though much might be done to bring them more into harmony with it, it would be utterly impossible to make them square perfectly with it. You may

separate Greece from Turkey, Hungary from Austria, Poland from Russia, but you leave unredressed, and must leave unredressed, the theoretical wrongs of Albanians, Wallachs, Slovaks, Croats, Red Russians, Lets, Esths, and a heap of other nations, some of whose names hardly penetrate beyond books of ethnology. In most of these cases these very small nations are content to merge their claims. The Albanians of Greece have fraternized with the Hellenes, and all races in Hungary seem united in common opposition to Austria. So, in another part of the world, the arguments employed to prove the expediency of the separation of the whole Southern Confederacy would not apply if the single inland State of Tennessee had seceded all by itself. No one would, in such a case, have quarrelled with the speedy suppression of such a revolt by the Federal arms, unless, indeed, it had been thought wiser to sit still till the wandering brother came back to his senses. Down to the Legislative Union, the separation of England and Scotland was theoretically as possible as the separation which in our own days has taken place between Hanover and the United Kingdom. From 1603 to 1688 the same person happened to be the direct heir of both crowns; but had the heirs of James and Margaret become extinct, England and Scotland must have looked for their kings in quite different places. William III. was elected King of England and of Scotland by the distinct acts of two independent nations; and the election of William in no way bound Scotland to accept George I. But it is hard to believe that, had the case occurred, England and Scotland could have parted company as peacefully as Hanover and the United Kingdom. Why? Because the connexion between Great Britain and Hanover was both undesirable and purely accidental; and when the law separated them, no one wished to hinder the law from taking its course. But the legal union of England and Scotland simply gave the finishing stroke to a union dictated by every natural consideration of speech and position. England and Hanover might well have different interests; when peace was desirable for one, war might be the natural policy of the other. But, as soon as Englishmen and Scotchmen ceased to think that national honour required them to kill one another, no real opposition of interests could exist. And by the Union, if Scotland lost in point of honour, Scotchmen certainly gained in point of profit. No Englishman objects to a Scotchman winning the highest places in the English Law or the English Church. But Scotland retains her own Law and her own Church, and whatever is to be had in either of them Scotchmen carefully keep to themselves.

A Nation, then—or a Nationality, if anybody better likes to call it so—is easy to recognise when you see it. It is easy to give a practical definition of it, like Mr. Mill's. It is easy to trace historically the causes which make one set of people into a nation and fail to do the like by another. But it is impossible to make a theory which will square with all facts, and it is impossible to predict beforehand when scattered members will unite, and when united members will separate. If Switzerland and Italy had each had a continent to itself, they would never have become united, and it might have been better that they should not unite. Had the United States remained hemmed in by two or three powerful neighbours, we should either never have heard of a War of Secession, or it would have come to nothing more terrible than the War of the Sonderbund. Slave States and Free States, manufacturing States and agricultural States, would have contrived to patch up their differences somehow, as aristocratic cantons and democratic cantons, Catholic cantons and Protestant cantons, have commonly contrived to do in Switzerland. But when England ceased to be threatening, when France and Spain vanished from the American Continent, then the ties of blood, language, and likeness of government began to be less powerful than the repelling forces of conflicting commercial interest and a different social condition. In defiance of all theories, the Swabian of Zürich, the Burgundian of Geneva, and the Italian of Ticino are practically members of one nation; while Englishmen in Britain, in New England, and in Carolina, look on each other as foreigners or something worse.

Interest and geographical position are manifestly stronger than the outward identity implied by a common language. The subtler identity of mere race, when language has ceased to be the same, is of course weaker still. But there is no doubt that it is really a very powerful agent, though its working is mostly invisible. The Danish, Norwegian, and Flemish elements in the British Isles have sunk so easily and gradually into the general English mass that the phenomenon is never thought of, except by those who are specially curious in such matters. But the difference between the Teutonic and Celtic portions of these islands still strikes the most careless observer. So one cannot doubt that the easy fusion of Normans and English was greatly helped by the fact that, with all their differences in manners and languages, they were branches of the same stock after all. In the East, religion and language take the place of race. A vast number of Turks are really by descent Greeks or Slaves. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that, as many Greeks are by blood Slaves or Albanians, so some may really be the descendants of Turkish mercenaries in the Byzantine service. But changelings of this sort are practically Turks or Greeks, as it may be, all the same. In short, Nationality does not wholly depend on race, or language, or religion, or government, or even interest, taken separately, but on a combination of all, the proportion of the several elements differing infinitely in different cases.

FRENCH PICTURES OF LONDON.

WE are really very much obliged to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition for being the cause of bringing among us correspondents of the Parisian newspapers, who describe all that they see or fancy that they see in London with a vivacity that is highly gratifying. We cannot help laughing at the portraits which they give us of ourselves, although we are sometimes sensible that we are looking at caricatures. A certain M. Assolant, who writes to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, has unquestionably earned the credit of producing the most amusing piece of writing which has, up to this time, been called forth by the Exhibition. He tells his readers, with some truth, that London is nothing better than "an immense and monstrous assemblage of big towns," and he says that its inhabitants are "naturally laborious, intrepid, intelligent, and voracious," hungering for other people's property, and eager to seek their fortunes in foreign countries. As such a people inevitably became rich, they desired to be free, and they made themselves so. "As the king was an inconvenience to them, they cut his head off." But as they like old things, old traditions, and old rubbish, they preserve the name of royalty, while keeping to themselves its real power. As their country is foggy and wet, they go out of it in order to breathe fresh air, and thus they have founded a great empire. They intermeddle in all the affairs of the world, and give unsolicited advice to all its potentates. Of course, all Englishmen will pronounce this picture to be a caricature; but still it is one of which it is impossible to deny the likeness. M. Assolant has a hit at our Volunteering, and other movements of national defence, which must charm Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, if it does not rather inspire them with envy because they cannot deliver themselves of anything half so clever on a topic on which they often exercise both pen and tongue. The English, he says, being quite safe in their island (as they heartily but vainly wish they were), and being encircled with ships mounted with Armstrong guns (which ships they fear are of very little use), "they now and then defy some invisible enemy and promise to grind him to powder." It must be owned that this is a tolerably fair version of the utterances of some of the mouthpieces of public feeling when they are in a boastful vein. "As the invisible enemy answers them in a friendly manner, they go through the military exercise, and proudly march past before the Queen." We take this to be as neat a hit as was ever made against the Volunteers, who happily have now so much confidence in their own strength of purpose and efficiency as not to mind either the jokes of a smart Frenchman or the snarling of a few ill-conditioned Englishmen. It would be a very profitable bargain to allow M. Assolant to make all the fun he can out of the Volunteers, on condition that he should observe them carefully and report faithfully all that he observed. But in truth he cannot have had time to observe anything in England except the International Exhibition — not, however, that that is any reason why such a brilliant writer should abstain from writing upon anything in England that he thinks fit to write about. He tells us, for example, that in comparison with London all the rest of England looks like a desert, when it is probable that he knows nothing whatever of the provinces except what he may have seen from the Dover railway or the top of Richmond Hill. When he visits Lancashire, even in its present depressed state, he will perhaps perceive that "the languor of the provinces," which he explains, does not exist, and that "the reduction of the nation to servitude," which he anticipates, is utterly improbable. When he says, "Be but master of the capital and you are master of all," one cannot help fancying for the moment that he is an Englishman in Paris writing about France.

Even in London, it would seem that M. Assolant has thrown off his sketches in great haste, for fear, perhaps, that longer and closer observation would abate the pungency of his satire. He says truly enough that the London squares look very sad, and gives as a reason that the public are excluded from them — "a circumstance quite worthy of an aristocratic nation, where each individual eats apart, shut up in his box at the eating-house, like vicious horses in a stable." It may, perhaps, console our much-abused country to observe how her satirists contradict and neutralize each other. Sometimes she is an aristocratic nation, and sometimes a nation of shopkeepers. The correspondent of another paper, the *Siecle*, appears to have freshly discovered that she is both at once — that her nobles and her middle-class are undistinguishable, and that she has no people. Even the servant has "the stiff cold bearing" of his master; and therefore when Mary Hann said of Jeames, "You would have thought he was a lord," the special correspondent of the *Siecle* would have concurred with that young person if he had been in London at the time, and had had the advantage of seeing Jeames. It must be highly gratifying to the British shopkeeper to be told on unimpeachable authority that he looks like a nobleman, and after such a compliment the French correspondents may take their sling at us and our institutions undisturbed. This is an aristocratic nation, and we are "nobs," every one of us, and no mistake about it; but still, perhaps, a "nob" ought not to be allowed to be as an individual, nor ought he to be described as "eating apart shut up in his box." Our own impression is that "nobs" do not usually dine at eating-houses, and we cannot help conjecturing that M. Assolant must have wandered into the "House of Lords' Dining Rooms," in Abingdon Street, Westminster, and fancied that he beheld in the next box to himself a duke dining sulkily upon boiled beef and greens before appearing in his place in Parliament.

It need not excite surprise that this writer's comparison, in point of aspect and character, between French and English workmen

comes out much to the advantage of the former. When he says that the Englishman is far inferior in appearance to the Frenchman, we allow his right to think so, just as we should leave him at full liberty to believe that he is himself a handsome man. Very likely he considers that a thin peaked beard is more becoming than a beard of any other fashion. We are not so unreasonable as to expect to hear Frenchmen admitting that Englishmen are better looking than themselves. It is quite enough for us to know that a feeling stronger than patriotism compels them to confess the beauty of English women, and it follows, at least to our apprehension, that where the women are handsome the men cannot be very ugly. But the English workman is pronounced inferior to the Frenchman, not only in appearance but in heart. "The Englishman is brutal, and this is his chief defect." Now certainly M. Assolant may, if he pleases, behold sights in England which would warrant him in ascribing to its people coarseness and violence, which become to an unfriendly eye brutality. For example, he might assist at the next pounding-match between the Chancellor and Lord Chelmsford in the House of Peers; or he might witness a row on Tower Hill between the soldiers of the Buffs and the police; or, if he had applied last week in the proper quarter, he might have been guided to a secluded spot where, as *Bell's Life* informs us, a "tourney," or, in other words, a prize-fight, was got off "in the most pleasant and amicable manner" between representatives of the industry of Birmingham and London, and he might have convinced himself that what he calls "the languor of the provinces" did not affect "the Brum's" style of hitting. We should like to have had M. Assolant's description of what a friendly critic calls that "game and scientific little contest" — using the word "little" to suggest neither shortness of duration nor lightness of punishment in the battle, but in reference to the fact that the tallest of the combatants was a "bantam" of 5 ft. 3 in. We rather think that in France a man who stands that height is not exactly reckoned as a little fellow. Perhaps M. Assolant would scarcely have appreciated that "inconceivable neatness of execution" which pleased an English eye; and when he beheld the champion of Birmingham "going in with a fine dig straight from the shoulder," or "manceuvring in his pretty clean manner," or labouring to deform his adversary's countenance "like an industrious paviour with his rammer," or following up that adversary in retreat "with the pertinacity of a tax-collector," he might simply have pronounced the whole exhibition brutal. But let him call what he actually sees by whatever name he pleases. We shall complain of nothing but what we must consider as malevolent invention or exaggeration. When he states that he saw a mountebank kick an indolent girl who happened to pass where he was performing, and, encouraged by the applause of the bystanders, follow and kick her several times, we can only say that we do not believe him. To suppose that any assembly of Englishmen would view with pleasure, or even that they would permit, such an outrage to humanity, is ridiculous. Some persons, we believe, consider that the spectators of a "gallant little mill" are necessarily the most degraded of mankind. We should like to see how those spectators would treat a mountebank who offered to amuse them by kicking a girl. Let our French visitors sketch as brilliantly as they can whatever they have fully and fairly seen. Above all, we should wish M. Assolant to witness and describe a prize-fight. He talks complacently of the pride of the French workman, and of the grounds of it. "His grandfather was a soldier in the First Republic. He has entered as a master the capitals of Europe, and has seen more than once the backs of kings. His father was at Austerlitz. He himself has burnt a cartridge in Africa." It may sound very poor and tame, by the side of these magnificent traditions, to talk of the pride of Peter Morris of Birmingham in the character which he has earned of a "fine hard hitter," and to make mention of his humble ancestors, who perhaps may have been privates in the British line, and may have seen more than once the backs of the French troops. We admit that our people are addicted to many practices which a Parisian journalist may represent, suitably to his readers' tastes and standard of judgment, as exhibitions of brutality. But if it comes to bragging about military exploits, we may venture to remark that that people, being what they are — and perhaps because they are what they are — have sent forth from among them armies which first showed how the capitals of Europe might be secured against the entry of French masters.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

THE nature and extent of the distress in the cotton districts is now generally understood. Those districts occupy the position of lands on a frontier, whose inhabitants have to bear the first brunt of an invasion, though they themselves have done nothing to provoke it. The whole country, therefore, recognises its responsibility on their behalf. For the last fortnight, information has been eagerly sought as to the extent of the calamity, and the resources that are at hand to meet it. The sufferers themselves, and the representatives of the Poor Law Board, have been heard, and the country accepts the virtual decision at which the two Houses of Parliament have arrived. The distress is great; in a few places there is already less employment than there was in 1848, a typical year of distress; and everywhere the worst is yet to come. But the men of Lancashire stoutly maintain the sufficiency of their own resources. They will not, indeed, refuse the aid their friends may offer to any particular district. But they will not permit a formal appeal to be made to public charity. The thin end of the wedge, however, has been already inserted; and, now that the Lord Mayor has opened the flood-gates, it is perhaps too probable that a broad stream of charity will flow towards the Lancashire

towns. Meanwhile, considering their immense wealth, the resolution of the Lancashire proprietors is only becoming. The country, while it recognises their responsibility, will still remember that it has a duty of its own. It will narrowly watch the manner in which the responsibility so publicly accepted is discharged.

Mr. Villiers endorses the assertion of the Guardians, that the ratepayers are quite able to bear any pressure that is likely to be put upon them, and he goes further than any other speaker in discouraging private charity. And when it is pointed out that the rates in the cotton districts are even now lower than they were in the same districts in 1848, and far lower than they are usually in parts of London and in many agricultural districts that possess not a tithe of the wealth of Lancashire, it is impossible to doubt that Mr. Villiers is right. But then the sufficiency of the Poor-law to meet the difficulties of the case must not be too strictly interpreted. The ratepayers can, indeed, easily meet all the demands that have been made, and all that are likely to be made, upon them; but it might be far otherwise if all applied who might legally apply to the Guardians for relief. That they do not, is clear from the report just presented to Parliament. In Manchester, Preston, and Wigan, not to speak of towns less dependent on the cotton manufacture, there has been during the last two months scarcely any increase in the numbers receiving public relief. Yet these are towns in which, during that period, the closing of mills has increased the number of the unemployed by nearly forty per cent. But it is notorious that, from the first, active committees have been formed for the relief of the destitute, which have very largely diminished the burthen that would otherwise have fallen on the poor rates. There is probably some ground for the statement of the operatives, that the Poor-law machinery is not wholly equal to the occasion. It is true that its machinery is capable of indefinite expansion, that there is no lack of funds, and that its staff ought to be, and probably is, quite equal to the considerable accession of work that has devolved upon it. But it is neither desirable nor possible that such an institution should retain its peculiar character, and yet not act with a certain harshness quite inappropriate to the circumstances of the new class with which it has to deal. Further, it avows its inability to look into holes and corners for starving men, whose pride will not allow them to apply to it for aid. There is truth, no doubt, in the remark of the chairman of the Manchester Guardians, that relief is granted under the Poor-law, not as a favour but as a right. Yet the class whose representatives he was then addressing have learnt to look upon relief from the rates as disgraceful, and many of them cannot easily convince themselves that it ceases to be disgraceful when the circumstances that gave it that character are changed. With a happy inconsistency, however, the men who cannot bring themselves to accept the aid of the poor-rates, to which in time past they have themselves contributed, are willing to receive aid from a fund raised by voluntary effort. They may perhaps, not without some show of reason, argue that in the one case the aid comes to them from a source tainted by the character of those who habitually frequent it, in the other, from the hands of their friends. However this may be, nearly as much money has been distributed through independent committees, and probably far more through private agency, than through the official administrators of public relief. This twofold method is good every way. The rates, which might otherwise press too severely on a particular kind of property and on the poorest householders, are kept down. The sufferers who are overlooked by the Poor-law authorities, or who will not apply to them for relief, have at least one other resource. And no excuse is left for an undue and perilous relaxation of the rules which regulate the distribution of a public and permanent fund.

When large numbers are to be supported at the expense of others, with as little injury as possible to the permanent interests of the community, there are certain precautions which cannot with impunity be disregarded. The relief must be given by men acquainted with the circumstances of the population, and acquainted, if possible, with the individual families who compose it. Many mill-owners, at once generous and prudent, have kept their men together, and worked their mills at a loss. This is the best form of charity, but from its nature it cannot be generally adopted, nor, where it has been adopted, can it be prolonged indefinitely. The Poor-law officers have no doubt a general knowledge of the circumstances of the population, and they derive from long experience an intuitive power of discrimination, which renders their administration of relief, however harsh, infinitely preferable to that of any ordinary committee. But there can be no reason why, for the purposes of the present crisis, the suffering population should not be divided in such a manner, and committees appointed of such a character, as to combine the advantages of private knowledge and official strictness. The most intelligent workmen, the most active foremen, some of the tradesmen and master-manufacturers of each district, might act together. United, they would combine an amount of local knowledge that would render the abuse of charity impossible. Each of these committees might be independent, relying primarily on the resources of its own limited district, but able to fall back, when these should be exhausted, on more general support. But all might be made to work in harmony with the Board of Guardians in the manner indicated by Lord Granville on Monday. Their authority alone could secure general unity of plan, and prevent the clashing of efforts and the waste of labour. Except the preposterous plan of throwing the support of the poor of Lancashire on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the most objectionable of all that have been proposed is that of a

national relief fund. The Lord Mayor has consented to receive subscriptions for a limited purpose, which might, however, have been more accurately defined. It is to be hoped that he will not permit the gradual expansion of his functions. A general fund would only, as Mr. Bright said in the House of Commons, invite a general scramble, and aggravate the pauperism of the country. It is, however, the favourite plan of a correspondent of the *Times* who professes to represent the working men. Yet it is not the least of the many proofs the working men have lately given of their good sense, that they have themselves shown no eagerness to have such a demonstration made in their behalf. Not a committee-room in London, but Lancashire itself, is the real field of action. And what is really needed there is the energetic cooperation of their employers and their richer neighbours with the men themselves. Everything depends on the way in which they administer the funds which there can be no sort of difficulty in obtaining. A large relief fund, formed at the present stage of the calamity, would simply deprive the wealthiest county in England of its proper responsibility, call forth a tribe of greedy applicants, and be an ostentatious and unnecessary exhibition of the national charity.

There is no reason that any man, woman, or child should be injured in health through the operation of the present calamity. If the people of the suffering districts, who have accepted a just responsibility in the matter, do their duty, it will be wholly impossible. There may be questions about the conditions under which relief should be given, but there can be none as to the right of every man to a sufficient supply of food. It is a characteristic result of the artificial state of society in which we live, that in some twenty different places there are to be found, within the compass of a few score acres, thousands of able-bodied men, educated, noble-hearted, and eager to work, but obliged to wait passively for their daily bread to be brought to their hands. But this highly-organized society, with its elaborate machinery, ought certainly to be able to provide that the daily bread at least shall never be wanting. Physical suffering need not be added to moral. It is sad enough that so many families should be obliged either to sit in helpless idleness, or, in compliance with a necessary principle of State policy, adapt their hands to unaccustomed labour of a kind which may well seem to them a mockery.

The operatives continue to act with dignity and good sense. It is not merely that they suffer without unavailing complaint. It is not merely that there has been no increase of crime in the cotton districts during the last quarter—a fact almost unexampled in the annals of popular distress. They are able calmly to examine their misfortune, analyse its causes, and give pertinent advice as to its cure. Every meeting has been orderly, every speech temperate. But those who have watched their conduct from the beginning of the war can feel no surprise at this. Nothing less could have been expected from the class, from the ranks of which scarcely a single voice has been raised in favour of breaking the blockade. Yet the operatives well knew that its continuance involved the loss of their savings, and would thrust them down, at least temporarily, into a lower grade of society. And they knew also that there were not a few politicians who doubted the policy or the justice of recognizing the blockade, and would gladly accept their alliance in opposing it. Whether their course has been governed by political insight, sympathy with the North, or respect for the decision of Parliament, it is unnecessary to determine. Whatever may have been its motive, the unselfish consistency with which it has been pursued entitles them to immortal honour.

THE MAJORITY OF ONE.

WEDENSDAY last was, to the eye of a combative politician, the first bright spot in a session of dull, uninteresting grey. The mechanism of party discipline has been growing rusty from absolute disuse. As far as five-sixths of its body are concerned, the House of Commons has been in a state of suspended animation. It has existed for the purpose of enabling the spokesmen of various parties to fire off speeches at each other; but the cannonade has hitherto been as innocuous as an American bombardment. The remarkable aptitude for surrender in which the versatility of the American character has been displayed, has extended itself to the Parliamentary warfare of England; and the silent members, as a class, must have felt that, for all purposes of practical utility, they might as well have kept the expenses of their elections in their pockets. The long-anticipated fight of Wednesday was a welcome relief to that compulsory inactivity of Club politics to which the rank and file of the two well-disciplined armies had been compelled by circumstances over which they had no control. It was, moreover, looked forward to with some interest as a test of Parliamentary patriotism, for Wednesday last was the day of the Chester races. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the great fights of the session and the great meetings of the turf come off at very much the same time of year; and as the two leaders of the two great parties are both keen racing men, and the effect of their example is in no way lost upon their followers, politicians are very apt to be distracted between two different calls of duty. On what occasions the grand stand ought to have the preference, and on what occasions the division lobby is to be regarded as the most important, are questions that have been variously solved by different Parliamentary casuists. But the coincidence of a race and a division is a circumstance which the whips always have to take into their calculations. It is commonly held to operate to the disadvantage of the Conservatives; and in fact Lord Palmerston's racing practices are usually supposed to be an unfortunate relic of the Conservative heresies in which he

passed the earlier half of his political life. It is observed that Liberals of a more decided tint, such as Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, do not race. The Liberal whip, therefore, is entitled to count a race-day as equal to at least ten votes upon his side; and a thorough knowledge of the various races, and their comparative fascinations, is one of a Liberal whip's most important qualifications. The House of Commons was made to reverse a decision, unpalatable to the Government, upon a very important point in the constitution of the University of Oxford, by a judicious use of the Goodwood Cup; and the Liverpool races have more than once exercised a decisive influence upon the destinies of the country.

The conflict was pretty sure, therefore, to be a hot one, and the issue narrowly contested. On the one side were all the influence of the Government, the enthusiasm of the Dissenters, and the counter-charms of the Chester Races; on the other, the attractions which a rising cause always exercises among the "independent" members of the House of Commons. The debate which preceded the division was, as usual in such cases, rather dull. People went through it for the sake of decorum, just as people who have come to hear a popular preacher at the Abbey go through the preliminary Evening Prayers; or as the guests at a public dinner, who have assembled to hear a distinguished orator, submit to listen in the first instance to the praises of the Prince of Wales and all the Royal family. The most entertaining speeches were decidedly from the Liberal side. Sir John Trelawny contrived to avoid the proverbial dulness of a Church-Rate speech by resolutely abstaining from discussing Church Rates at all. An interesting account of the progress of Gothic architecture, a comparison of the merits of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Buckle, decided in favour of the latter, an *Excursus upon Essays and Reviews*, and an allusion to the inevitable Japanese, enabled him to entertain the House for half an hour without intruding upon them the repulsive subject-matter of his Bill. Mr. Buxton satisfied the instincts of an impartial conscience by making a speech in favour of the Bill, composed of all the arguments against it. Sir George Lewis took a bold and sanguine view of the question—not fearing to express a hope that, if the Bill were passed, the Government might be forced to take some action in the matter; and he even sketched the measure into proposing which he cherished a hope that he might yet be stimulated by the House. Mr. Remington Mills was determined to show how much Finsbury had lost in rejecting him, and to prove that he could devise original statements quite as startling as Mr. Cox's version of Wat Tyler's history. His announcement that the proposal to abolish Church-rates was the result of a conviction that "the population had outgrown the common law," was as candid a revelation as those of Dr. Foster and Mr. Samuel Morley. It in reality sums up with epigrammatic force the true character of the whole proceeding. By the common law, the parishes possess the power of deciding by a majority upon their own concerns; and this power it is which Sir John Trelawny and Mr. Mills seek to take away. In so doing they only act after their kind; for there is nothing which religious fanatics hold in such pious horror as local liberties. It is easy, by the application of merely secular machinery, to manipulate the central power—to talk round a prince, to bully a Ministry, to squeeze a political party. But to bring all the local bodies in the country under the influence of a religious organization, involves the actual conversion of a whole people. Mr. Remington Mills has not yet learned that, to politicians with "ulterior views," Parliamentary speech is given for the purpose of concealing thought. Mr. Bright did his best to repair the blunder. His speech was more moderate, and therefore more telling, than any of his recent speeches. He was content with taunting the Church for her inability to maintain her own fabrics for herself—judiciously blinking the fact that, under the present law, she has to maintain them for the Dissenters too. But beyond this he pointedly abstained from any virulent attacks upon the Church, and exhaled the bile, which had been evidently accumulating during the debate, in a well-intended and well-delivered attack upon the inaction of the Government. Compared to the brilliancy of these various performances, the Conservative share of the debate was commonplace enough. There was nothing either so eloquent as Mr. Bright's speech, or so diverting as Sir John Trelawny's medley. Several efforts were made to force Lord Palmerston into a speech; but he was immovable to the taunts alike of supporters and opponents. Ever since his unfortunate encounter with the doctrine of original sin, he has felt a strong disinclination for the discussion of religious subjects.

The calls for a division began early, for each side thought itself in the majority, and suspected its opponents of intending to talk the debate out. Some small speaker generally falls a victim to this impatience on the part of the House, and gives them the amusement of measuring the strength of their lungs against his. On this occasion it was Mr. Dillwyn who presented that noblest of all spectacles—the sight of a good man struggling against adversity. Speakers of inferior calibre, who have accidentally put themselves forward at a time when the House is resolved not to hear them, generally show a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. The House cannot hear them in the din, and the reporters cannot report them, so that for all simply practical purposes they might as well be silent. But they seem possessed with the idea that it would be a slaughter of their own mental offspring to sit down. They feel that until they are worse they cannot be better, and that their only chance of peace of mind is to be delivered of their burden. The throes, corporeal and mental, amid which Mr. Dillwyn's long-considered speech was brought to the birth were terrible to behold, and they were very nearly the only portion of his performance that reached

the Gallery. The attempt to persuade against their will six hundred men assembled for a close division was a needless act of gallantry.

The relation between the two divisions that followed was curious, and shows what can be effected by the prestige of victory. The first question put was as to the fate of the Bill itself—whether it should now be read a second time. Upon this the two parties divided, each confident of victory. The Conservatives had gained some votes at the elections. On the other hand, the Liberals had prevailed upon some of the Popish members to vote with them, who had abstained from voting last year. The result was that the Bill was thrown out by a majority of one. The second division was taken instantaneously after the first. The issue upon which it was taken was Mr. Estcourt's motion that it was "unjust and inexpedient" to abolish the rate without providing a substitute. Its effect was nothing else than to give a supplementary kick to the lifeless carcass of the defunct Bill. Antecedently, one would have thought that such a resolution would be resisted by every one of the supporters of the Bill, as stoutly as the Bill itself had been upheld. But even the short three minutes that intervened between the declaration of the first division and the commencement of the second, sufficed to disorganize Sir John Trelawny's ranks. At least a dozen gentlemen were conscience-smitten by the teaching of defeat, and slipped through the open door to avoid committing themselves for a second time to a losing cause. The consequence was that the epithets "unjust and inexpedient," sanctioned by a larger majority than that on which Governments have recently been brought into office, stand affixed in the Journals of the House to a measure which this same House of Commons sanctioned three years ago by a majority of seventy-one.

CONCENTRATION OF THE LAW COURTS.

WHEN Lord Derby's Government was in office and Lord Chelmsford held the Seals, it was referred to a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject of the concentration of the Courts of Law, and particularly into the nature of certain funds which it had been suggested might be appropriated by the State for the purposes of the new buildings. The Commissioners—Sir John Coleridge, Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Lord Wynford, Dr. Phillimore, and Mr. Young—commenced their inquiries on the 21st of May, 1859. A host of witnesses were examined, and the sittings of the Commission were not terminated till June in the following year. A very elaborate Report, however, was the result of this long investigation, and the existence having been proved of a large sum of money which, in the opinion of the Commissioners, might be properly appropriated, it was upon their Report that the Government Bill of this session known under the title of "The Courts of Justice Money Bill" was introduced, the second reading of which was negatived shortly before the Easter recess.

In most cases, a division upon the amendment "that the Bill be read this day six months" is decisive, and, if carried, the Bill in question cannot be reintroduced in the same session. This is intelligible, and therefore it might be assumed that, where the amendment is negated, that result would be equally decisive in favour of the Bill. This, however, is not entirely of course, for if the amendment is negated, the motion has got to be put "that the Bill be now read" a second or third time, as the case may be; and although the previous decision has substantially decided the question, it is still open to call for another division upon the formal motion. In the case of the Courts of Justice Bill, Mr. Selwyn's amendment, that the Bill be read a second time this day six months, was negatived by a majority of 1, but two stray members of the Opposition came into the House before the subsequent motion was put. Another division was therefore called for upon the motion "That the Bill be now read a second time," and the Government was defeated by a majority of 1. The words of the motion, however, are construed literally by the rules of the House, and hence it follows that although, if the amendment had been carried, the Government must have submitted to their defeat for the remainder of the session, the fact of the last motion having been negatived has only the effect of disposing of the Bill for the day, and it is open to the Ministry to bring it forward again at any time. Considering how deeply the interests of the public are involved in this question, it is possible that the Government may again take the sense of the House on the matter, when a larger attendance of members may set the question at rest in a more satisfactory manner. Should this prove to be the case, it is most desirable that some attempt should be made (and it ought to have been made before) to explain, as far as possible, in a popular form, the nature of those mysterious funds which, called "The Suitors' Fund," and "The Suitors' Fee Fund," have created some of the main points of the controversy.

The pugilists in Chancery follow, in most cases, the example set them by their more matter-of-fact brethren in the P. R.; and when the objects of contention are money or securities for it, they are delivered over to the Court as a stakeholder, to abide the event. Some idea may be formed of our litigiousness from the statement that, at the date of the last returns, the amount in Court consisted of £2,000,000. When any of the parties to a Chancery suit bring such property into Court, any of them are at liberty to ask for the investment in Government Stock of such portion of it as consists of sums of cash; and the investment is then made upon the responsibility of the suitor, who, upon the termination of the proceedings, either reaps the benefit or suffers the loss consequent upon the investment, and the rise or fall of the stock since the

investment was made. In the absence, however, of such a request, the cash thus brought into Court, as soon as the amounts become inconveniently large, is periodically invested in Government Stock by the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, upon the responsibility of the Court, which in like manner is liable either to gain or lose by the transaction; for in such case, upon the termination of the proceedings, the suitor only asks for, and only receives, the identical sum of cash which was paid into Court. This has been the practice from an early period in the history of the Court of Chancery, although the banking account between the Court and the suitor does not appear to have been uniformly satisfactory to the latter, for, prior to the year 1725, the Masters or Ushers of the Court, who in those days received the suitor's money, and discharged the duties which have since been transferred to the Accountant-General, banked unfortunately. The South Sea scheme swallowed a great part of the suitor's money, and although a fine of 30,000*l.* was imposed upon the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, it was not till the year 1739 that the deficiencies were made good. As soon as this was done, however, and upon the principle to which we have just referred, an investment was made of the unemployed cash, then amounting to about 34,000*l.* In this sum we have the origin of "the Suitors' Fund;" and through similar investments made from that period down to the present time, the Stock thus purchased upon the responsibility of the Court is now represented by 2,962,991*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*, and forms the first portion of the Suitors' Fund. We then find that the income arising from the Stock purchased with the 34,000*l.* rapidly accumulated, and an Act of Parliament was passed in 1768, which directed that the surplus of the income, after certain payments out of it, should be also invested; and in the investments commenced under the authority of this Act, we have the origin of the second portion of the Suitors' Fund, which now consists of 1,291,629*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* This sum of money the Commissioners in their report style the "Profit Fund," and this the Government proposed to appropriate for the new Courts.

The Suitors' Fee Fund requires less explanation. Up to the year 1833, certain officers of the Court of Chancery appear to have retained for their own benefit the fees which were paid to them in the course of a Chancery suit, but by Lord Brougham's Chancery Regulation Act it was provided that these fees should be accounted for, and paid into Court to an account to be entitled, "The Suitors' Fee Fund Account;" and it is a portion of this fund, amounting to 201,000*l.* Stock, which was also comprised in the Government Bill. The two sums of 1,291,629*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, and 201,000*l.*, represent nearly a million and a half of Stock; but the Common Law Courts were to furnish a third sum of 88,254*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*; and this has arisen from the fees levied upon the suitors in the Superior Courts at Westminster, and paid over by the Masters and other officers into the Treasury, after first deducting rents, salaries, and other expenses from it.

There is no incumbrance of any sort upon the last-mentioned sum, but the income of both the Chancery funds is charged with the payment of the salaries, allowances, and compensations of the officers of the Court of Chancery; and these amount to so considerable a sum that it is quite true, as stated by Mr. Selwyn, that in one year (1859) the excess of income over expenditure was but 3000*l.* This, however, it is only fair to state, is a somewhat exceptional result. In 1858 the balance was 11,500*l.*; and out of the income there is at present paid no less than 70,000*l.* a year for compensations, which are terminable sums, and are falling in at the rate of 2000*l.* a year. Still, as for present practical purposes the Chancery funds are saddled with the payment of this 70,000*l.* a year, the loss of income which would, in the first instance, take place by the abstraction of the capital portion of the Chancery funds is put at 45,000*l.* Against this sum the first set-off is the surplus income to which we have just referred; and this, assuming its average to be as low as 3000*l.* will, with the rents for offices now paid out of the income of the Suitors' Fund and amounting to 2000*l.* (which would be saved upon the completion of new Courts), reduce the loss of income to 40,000*l.* It is then shown that the average annual surplus of the fees paid in the Common Law Courts is 16,000*l.*, of the fees paid in the Probate Court 7000*l.*, and of the fees paid in the Court of Admiralty 1000*l.* These three sums are unfettered, in any manner, and, applied for the purposes of the Bill, they reduce the loss of income to 16,000*l.* It does not appear that any attempt was made in the House of Commons to impugn the accuracy of these figures, which are those adopted by the Commissioners. The opponents of the measure based their arguments in the debate principally upon the assumption that the expense of the new Courts was so far under-estimated that they would cost half a million of money more than had been calculated upon; and they next rest their case upon the prior claims which, it is supposed, the suitors have upon the Chancery funds. In reference to the first objection, it is, perhaps, not an unfair supposition that the expense of the new buildings would exceed the estimated sum; but once allow that a million and a half of money can be virtually made free for the purposes of the new Courts, at the risk to the State of an annual, though terminable, payment of 16,000*l.*, and it would look as if too much stress had been laid upon the point; and if the suitors can show no good title to the funds, the House of Commons has rejected a bargain which might have been economical, however extensive it might appear. We will now, therefore, briefly examine what the claims of the suitors are.

We find from the Commissioners' Report that the first proposition made to them was this:—That as the 1,291,629*l.* had arisen from the investment of suitors' money, upon principles of justice it

should be considered as their property, and that the Court should therefore account for the profits made by it. The argument does not appear to have met with much support, or, indeed, to have been urged with any confidence. The Commissioners deny that the Court of Chancery can be considered as a trustee, or as holding any other position than that of stakeholder; and they show that not only would individuals find an insuperable difficulty in tracing their claims to any specific portion of stock, and identifying it as the profit made with their particular sums of cash, but that all the investments of the Suitors' Fund have been made under Acts of Parliament delegating authority to the Court. The answer to Mr. Selwyn, who asks what would be thought of the honesty of a banker to whom a sum of stock had been transferred with directions to receive the dividends and invest them, if he subsequently should refuse to come to such an account, is simple. The Court does, when applied to, make the investment, upon the simple condition that the suitor takes the risk of it. It is the neglect or omission on the part of the individual to make the request, which debars him from calling for an account; and surely, under the latter condition of things, Mr. Selwyn will hardly argue that the banker must account for the profit made with his customer's cash.

The second proposition on behalf of the suitors is thus stated by the Commissioners:— "But it has been suggested to us that, although individual suitors may have no property in this (the Suitors') fund, and no right to interfere with its appropriation, yet the collective body of suitors have just ground for objecting to its application to any purposes other than those by which they, as a body, are immediately benefited, and consequently that the application of any portion of the fund to the creation of Common Law Courts would be a violation of their equitable and moral rights." This is the view taken by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, who thinks that any surplus of the Suitors' Fund should be applied in reduction of the fees which the Chancery suitors might otherwise have to pay. The other Commissioners, however, think that for this purpose no distinction can be raised between Courts of Law and Equity. They show that in 1725, as well as in 1736, the Common Law suitors were taxed to make good deficiencies in Chancery funds, and they do not admit that a suitor in the year 1862 can have a better claim than the public upon profits made with money belonging to suitors in bygone years.

Such is a brief sketch of the Government measure, and of the objections which are made to it. If a somewhat exaggerated opinion has been formed by its supporters of the magnitude and freedom of these sums of money, an equally exaggerated one has been formed by its opponents. No private rights would have been violated by the Bill. The sum of 52,000,000*l.* under litigation is dealt with every day, but it is dispersed among one or other of the litigant parties, and in no way affected by the Bill. Nor, if the rights of the suitors are of such an anomalous nature that, even if established, not a penny can be pocketed by them either as individuals or as a Corporation, are we surprised that but little disposition has been shown by them to urge the claims which were put forward on their behalf, and it is reasonable to conclude that the fees at present exacted are not very burdensome. We might not, it is true, have obtained all the benefits from the measure which were held out to us. One of them, "the increased economy" of future law-suits, consequent upon the concentration of the Courts, was particularly dwelt upon in the evidence given by the Incorporated Society of Solicitors and other legal bodies. As if lawyers would cut their own tails off without some regard to the regeneration of them! No, here we smell a rat, and we feel instinctively that, come what may, every 6*s.* 8*d.* and 3*s.* 4*d.* which we may hope to extinguish with the old Courts, will rise in undiminished vitality with the new ones. But there is another consideration which is less open to suspicion. "Of all the elements of expense in litigation there is none more important than time," is the language of the Commissioners, and this our own experience confirms. A law-suit must needs be a painful business, for the certainty of having to pay for our pugnacity stares us in the face in our most litigious moments, but the affair might be accelerated, and we know that delay must necessarily ensue where the Courts and offices are widely dispersed. Some little sentiment too exists amongst us, in spite of the demoralizing influences of our legal proceedings. We regard, as the Commissioners do, the Common Law Courts at Westminster as "an unsightly excrescence" to the Houses of Parliament; and if, therefore, the Government should again try the fortunes of their Bill, we shall hope to see it discussed with less party spirit and a more accurate knowledge of facts.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Second Notice.

PORTRAITS on these walls range, as usual, between the furthest possible extremes. No picture, however, in point of composition, surpasses that of a group of four persons seated at table after dinner, wherein the chief interest shown by the figures proceeds from a small volume in the hands of a lady attired in white. She seems to be reading or commenting on the book to her companions. Mr. H. T. Wells, the painter of this picture (4), has grouped his figures with rare skill, and with such contrasted varieties of natural attitude as to call to mind those especial qualities which belong to the works of Reynolds and Nathaniel Dance. Lawrence, it may be observed, never at any period of his career displayed attainments of this particular kind. Every part of the picture is worked out with admirable care and a pleasing softness of colour; but we

cannot help thinking that the power of this sculpturesque conception would have been greatly enhanced if Mr. Wells had adopted a more forcible strength of shadow, and consequently produced more decided contrasts of light and shade. "Lady Margaret Beaumont" (124), by G. F. Watts, a striking and very original figure, is represented in the act of stepping from a window into a garden, whilst her daughter, a lovely child, playfully contrives to make way beside her in spite of the full masses and flounces of a fashionable grey and lavender silk dress. The perfect individuality and consistency of workmanship which pervade every part of this picture render it very attractive. But in these same qualities, the portrait of "Mrs. Lindsay" (39), by Sir Coutts Lindsay, stands pre-eminent. The simple dignity and refined countenance of the lady, who is represented standing, in a black dress, with a book in her hand, is most impressive. As the work of an amateur, and the full size of life, it does great honour to a gentleman who, of his own true love for the arts, can thus devote himself with all the ardour and perseverance of a professional man. In Sir C. Lindsay, however, we do not merely find those qualities of patient labour and drudgery which many an amateur artist occasionally exhibits, but we also see great artistic qualities combined with the other requirements of diligence, steady workmanship, and facility of execution. These lead us to hope for further and even better productions at his hand. A small portrait of "Mrs. Charles Freeman" (356), by J. E. Millais, possesses wonderful truth and individuality of character. Great power of colour, blended with a complete expression of character, constitutes the main charm of this little picture.

There is in all the works we have mentioned a manifestation of moral courage: for we see that the painters are determined to represent their subjects exactly as they appeared. Even in Mr. Frith's "Thomas Creswick, Esq., R.A." (169), we find a slight deviation from these principles, and we miss a decided individuality of character. Mr. Grant's small picture of "M. J. Higgins, Esq." (632), is a remarkably truthful piece of portraiture. He is represented at full length, standing, as if inspecting a picture on an artist's easel. His hat and gloves, placed on a chair near at hand, shew him to be an amateur visitor. Among Mr. Grant's larger works, the portraits of "Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B." (208), and of "Miss E. Washington Jackson" (201), may be selected as his best renderings of manly character and drawing-room refinement. The large paintings of Lord Elgin (163), and General Peel, M.P. (111), have little to recommend them beyond faithful likenesses, and the interest of the subjects. Mr. Boxall's portrait of "Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgwood" (363), bears the stamp of a faithful likeness, combined with far greater solidity of colour than has hitherto been seen in the works of this artist. The portraits contributed by Sir Watson Gordon are not very striking this year. The smallest of the four, "The Earl of Soutesk" (77), is remarkable for quiet dignity and perfect ease of manner, whilst the more pretending full length of the "Prince of Wales" (199), in academic costume (painted for the University of Oxford), is empty and unsatisfactory. Mr. J. P. Knight always puts his figures at their ease, and they generally appear in good humour—witness his portraits of two gentlemen (67 and 68); but there is a strange blackness, with a texture of clay rather than flesh, about his faces, which mars the effect of nearly everything that he paints. He rarely inspires his subjects with any decided expression, and the countenance of the "Rev. J. J. Tayler" (85) might certainly have been improved in this respect. Mr. G. Richmond, although no longer retaining the pre-eminence which he enjoyed whilst exercising the crayon, has contributed several oil portraits of decided character. "The Dean of Wells" (76) is remarkable for good fresh clear colouring, and for the perfect freedom of the position adopted. This last quality, let it be added, distinguishes also a portrait of "John Richmond" (122), by Mr. Richmond, jun. In "Lord Clinton" (436) Mr. George Richmond again displays his mastery at composing a sitter. The nobleman is represented after reading a book which still rests on his knees, retaining spectacles in hand. To this otherwise effective picture, it may be objected that the tone of colouring is exceedingly cold. The portraits of "Christopher Hodgson, Esq." (654), "Octavius Wigram, Esq." (342), and of "Mrs. Llewelyn Davis" (685), are faithful transcripts of nature; but "Lord Cranworth" (242), in his Chancellor's robes, appears weak and chalky after Mr. Richmond's most successful and well-known chalk study of the Ex-Chancellor in a private dress.

Beyond the picture which we have already noticed, Mr. Sant displays very little this year which will advance his reputation. There is great amplitude about the portrait of "Mrs. John Kelk" (266), in a broad grey velvet dress, set off with a bright emerald-coloured shawl; but both figure and attitude are meaningless, and we look in vain to the execution for qualities that might redeem the poverty of the rest of the picture. It is to be regretted that Mr. Sant should exhibit such careless and indifferent workmanship as will be found combined in the portrait of "Margaret Holgate Foster" (186), where the woolly coat of the lamb at her feet is nothing short of wonderful. Mr. J. G. Middleton's portrait of the "Prince Consort" (74) is poor and deficient in all qualities that render portraiture truly valuable; but the severest injury to this noble branch of the art of painting is committed in Mr. J. R. Swinton's pretentious portrait of the "Duchess of Hamilton" (668), which fills a very large canvas. Here, indeed, one might imagine that the subject would have inspired the painter with some superior power; but, on the con-

trary, he seems to have been paralysed, and has utterly discarded even the smallest attention to the objects before him. It is hardly possible to avoid contrasting this most amateur-looking performance with the productions of Mr. Prinsep and Sir Coutts Lindsay, who do not exercise as a profession the art they have acquired. Can it be possible that, with all their acknowledged faults, the pains and minute studies of the so-called pre-Raphaelites have not aroused even the older-established painters to a sense of the propriety of endeavouring to imitate objects with something like fidelity? When we look upon the painting of the dress before us, we perceive that it is intended for white satin, but in point of truthfulness it sinks far below the mark. The golden trimmings to the dress are not painted to look like gold, and the gilded footstool—though we still perceive the intention—lacks fidelity, and can scarcely be supposed to have been painted with any real object before the artist. Again, the sky and a column in the background are painted with similar grey tints, and coarse strokes of the brush are visible at a considerable distance from the picture, slanting down in the same direction upon both surfaces. Mr. Weigall, whose portrait of Mr. Lister attracted attention last year, contributes a pleasing full-length portrait of a young lady, under the title of "The Croquet Player" (322), wherein her full sense of the critical moment when some gentleman's fate is supposed to be under her foot, is cunningly indicated.

First and foremost among the subjects of domestic interest, must be taken the picture by Mr. J. E. Millais, entitled "Trust me" (269). It consists simply of two figures—an elderly gentleman in scarlet hunting-coat, and a young lady, standing in front of a breakfast-table. She withholds a letter from him, whilst he—as her guardian or father, as the case may be—retaining the post-bag or letter-case, and, with hunting-whip under his arm, signifying departure, holds out his open hand to her, as if appealing to her confidence whilst demanding the letter. There is something very fine and manly in the earnest expression of his countenance. The nose and brow mark firm determination, but the mouth clearly indicates kindness and benevolent feeling. The young lady, on the contrary, notwithstanding a natural beauty of features, is totally devoid of expression. We can read in her face neither timidity, wavering, guilt, merriment, defiance, nor yielding. The letter, as she holds it behind her, amid the ample folds of her rich brown silk gown, is evidently one that has come by post. It bears the obliterating mark on the red stamp. It is addressed to "Miss" and the county given is Norfolk. The rest of the direction, although apparently clear, remains judiciously indistinct. The letter may breathe of love, or it may be a confidential epistle from one of the young lady's companions. It may contain a warning, or even some serious demands upon her private means. All remains uncertain, and the painter has fully succeeded in perpetuating a moment of suspense. Read the characters of the individuals as we may, this is certain—they belong to the superior class of society, and have a highly-refined and thoroughly English air about them. On first looking at the picture, it is hardly possible not to be struck with a rather flimsy and flat style of painting in both faces. Compared with the powerful rendering of the lady's dress and the bright silver breakfast service on the table near her, the faces look slight and unfinished. The rest of the picture is painted with remarkable solidity and freedom. Although every part, excepting the faces and the gentleman's hand, exhibits precision and absolute truth, there is a uniform absence of that microscopic attention to detail which characterizes so many of the fraternity to which Mr. Millais formerly belonged. Portions of the background around the chair, and the folding-doors behind the table, may, for him, even be termed slovenly; but every prominent object depicted in this painting has been studied from reality with the most scrupulous attention, and the subject is one that excites far more sympathy and interest with the public than the more fanciful picture of "The Ransom," already described. A pleasing and most admirably-finished picture will be found in Mr. J. N. Paton's "Lullaby" (7), which represents a lady, dressed in black, seated in an old tapestried room, at an organ, the keys of which she lightly touches to soothe a child who lies across her lap. It may be objected that a child thus lying on the knees of a lady playing the notes of a large organ could not be in a position very favourable to sleep; but the attitude of the mother is so extremely graceful, and the turn of her head, with eyes bent upon the child, is so beautiful and natural, that probabilities assume a secondary importance. The distant view of park trees seen through the window, and the books and works of art gathered around the organ, are painted with extreme care, each object having a distinct significance of its own. It is a great advance upon his "Luther" picture of last season.

Mr. C. W. Cope, in his united pictures of "The Mother" (109 and 110), draws a striking contrast between care and indifference in the training of children. In the first, we see a sharp-active young mother, diligently occupied at her own work, whilst hearing a boy repeat his lesson, and other children are grouped round her equally attentive to their books. The second picture exhibits a dark, vain beauty, listlessly reclining in an easy chair, devoting her chief attention to a cabinet of jewels, and in the act of sending the children away as too troublesome and noisy for her delicate nerves. The vexed expression of the nurse, the fractious child, and the sobbing misery of the elder one, who naturally enough does not know that he has done anything to be scolded for and sent away, are very truthfully rendered. The still untied

bundle of novels on the table, the petted spaniel, and the ball-dress lying neglected on the ground, clearly indicate the pursuits and the tone of this lady's mind. Every portion of this picture has been carefully studied, and there is no doubt that the clever manner in which this idea has been worked out will materially advance the painter's reputation. A gloomy but most impressive scene—a portrayal of the agonies attending the Hartley coal-pit catastrophe—stands prominent in Mr. F. B. Barwell's poetic and solemn picture, entitled "Unaccredited Heroes" (537). We see, through the artist's uncertain drawing and "woolliness" of the execution, all that he really intended to convey; and, indeed, in the instance before us, it may be considered that Mr. Barwell's peculiarity of workmanship contributes not a little to impart an appropriate heaviness to the scene, and to express the murkiness of the atmosphere. Intensity of grief is not manifested by violence of gesture; and the quiet calm of the figures, both in those who already know the worst, and in those suffering the cruellest agonies of uncertainty and suspense, shows the painter to possess dramatic power and judgment of a very high degree. The yellow sunlight of a bleak January afternoon, breaks in horizontal lines through a deep leaden sky, and partially gilds in solemn mockery the faces of some of the most anxious inquirers for the fate of their relatives. Domestic tragedy attains in this subject the extremity of pathos. It is painful, though nevertheless a duty, to dwell upon it; and we find relief in a somewhat kindred subject, although terminating in pleasurable sensations. In this picture, by W. F. Yeames, a rising artist, called "Rescued" (631), we see a young man saved from drowning, being lifted up the sides of a ship, and restored to the arms of his greatly terrified mother. The grouping of the various figures on deck, seen as they are in dark masses against a bright sky, is very effective. So original a treatment of an ordinary subject deserves recognition. A pretty piece of trifling by H. Le Jeune, called "The First Dip" (515), claims notice rather as the work of a well-known artist, than for any particular merit of its own. "Notice to Quit" (79), by E. Nichol, R.S.A., is a touching scene of cottage life. A man with a writ of ejectment and a dog, entirely in keeping with himself both in instinct and in spirit, breaks into a poor hovel where a man and his wife are absorbed in tending a dying child. The appealing expression of the man's face is very impressive; but the aged grandmother alone exhibits an energetic remonstrance. Seated at the foot of the sick child's bed, she holds out a crucifix with something of a defiant gesture. A merry and very pleasing cottage scene, where children predominate, is afforded by "The Mask" (415), painted with great power by A. H. Burr. A very little girl, sent in by her father, toddles into a room with a large painted mask before her face, to the very varied surprise, fear, and astonishment of a large family of brothers and sisters. The countenance of the old woman, in whose bosom the child on her lap nestles for fear, is excellently mirthful and true to nature. The young wife also enjoys the fun very heartily; but the children are all taken by surprise. The face of the little girl behind the mask teems with joyous excitement, and the motive will at once be recognised as a very favourite one among antique painters and gem engravers, and as having also been turned to the best possible account in a higher sphere of life by Sir Joshua Reynolds for an incident in his celebrated composition of the "Marlborough Family." We do not find in this picture so much care and absolute drawing in the limbs as subjects of this nature well admit of; but all accessories are painted with great care, and there is that power of colour and uniformity of work throughout his picture which, in addition to other and superior qualifications, render the production a painting of decided mark.

"New Wars to an Old Soldier" (64) is a first-rate touch of nature from the pencil of Mr. T. Faed. The supreme indifference of the veteran as he leans back in his arm-chair and closes his eyes at hearing an account of a campaign read to him from *The Times* is very characteristic. He seems to be thinking, "Well they never did such tricks when I was in the field;" but the young woman reading to him appears deeply interested from very different motives. Her husband is probably absent, toiling in these very wars, and the announcement of his fate may even be contained in that same intelligence. His infant child, seated in the old man's lap, amuses himself by dressing up grandfather's thumb for a soldier with a scarlet handkerchief, whilst the little ornaments and Wellington portrait over the chimney-piece be token the martial devotion of the cottage inmates. In this unpretending picture Mr. Faed brings to bear his never-failing care, attention to nature, and a very harmonious effect of colour. Mr. J. C. Horsley's "Keeping Company" (325) is a capital bit of fun. A good-looking youth in smock-frock stands shilly-shallying with a girl on a village green. It is a Sunday afternoon, and the inhabitants are going to church. He does not quite make up his mind to invite her to go with him, and the girl standing twisting her handkerchief looks out of the picture with a comical expression of vacancy which contrasts effectively with the irresoluteness of her sweetheart. The old man at the gate, the sandy cat, and the old woman at the window above, are active spectators of the scene, and in some measure detract from the effect of the rest by their immediate presence. Mr. G. B. O'Neil's picture of the "Quaker and the Tax-gatherer" (293), is a dramatic and very careful piece of painting. Mr. G. H. Thomas's "Rotten Row" (409) is spirited and slight. It is not treated in a manner that the subject really admits of, being one in itself fully worthy of Mr. Frith's careful attention to form the basis of a

publisher's contract. Dust partially obscures Mr. Thomas's picture, whilst smoke does the same for a great part of Mr. L. Desanges' "Battle of Inkermann" (433). We recognise in this painter a military ardour and a French spirit which better adapt him for subjects of this nature than for the lady subjects with which he formerly favoured the public. "The Dawn of Victory—Lord Clyde reconnoitring the Position of the Enemy" (612), is a deep toned, effective painting by Mr. J. T. Barker. The figures are well massed, and there is great spirit of movement throughout. Childish sorrow at "A Mother's Grave" (6), where a little girl endeavours to console an elder brother, is prettily rendered by Miss Morrell. The ivied church-tower, and the landscape with distant view of the sea, are painted with freedom and a very praiseworthy care. A bright spot in childish life is rendered permanent by Mr. T. Webster. He depicts the interior of a cottage when "Roast Pig" (142) is to constitute the family dinner. All are ready and in waiting. The mother stands at the fireplace, occupied in cooking the more ordinary dishes, and the father sits amusing the children at the well-laid table, when suddenly one of the boys espies the baker through the window, entering the garden, with the savoury dish upon his head. All is rapture and excitement, and certainly Mr. Webster has never treated any subject more happily than on the present occasion. His colouring retains its usual truth, and the drawing may be recommended to many a rising artist, both for firmness and precision. Landscapes, animal pieces, historic scenes in costume dresses, and sculpture must still be retained for future examination. Mr. H. W. Phillips desires to explain that, by an error of the Royal Academy printers, the Spanish title of his picture "Ayi me," was converted in the catalogue into "Og di me."

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Report of the Council of the Zoological Society, on the occasion of the thirty-third anniversary meeting of that body, contains an account of the present state of the Society's affairs, and of their proceedings during the past twelve months, which, by all who take interest in natural history and in the advancement of zoological science in this country, will be deemed in every way satisfactory. After referring to the death of the late Prince Consort, who had been President of the Society since 1851, and to the manner in which the vacancy thus caused had been filled up by the selection of Sir George Clerk, for many years an active and energetic member of the Council, as his successor in the office, the Report proceeds to recount the numerical strength of the Society, which, at the present time, consists of 1700 Fellows, Fellows Elect, and Annual Subscribers, 175 Corresponding Members, and 25 Foreign Members. The income of the Society during the year 1861, although not quite so large as that of the year 1860, amounted to no less a sum than 16,072*l.* which is in excess of the average receipts during the previous six years by more than 1000*l.* The greater portion of this large annual income arises from the shillings and sixpences paid by visitors to the gardens in the Regent's Park, which forms, as every one knows, one of the most attractive places of popular resort in the Metropolis. In France, the Jardin des Plantes contains a collection of living animals arranged, as it ought to be, in the neighbourhood of the National Zoological collection of preserved specimens. This institution, being supported by the public purse, is naturally free and open to the public. Such, we believe, is also the case, to a greater or a less extent, in other Continental cities, where similar establishments are either kept up by the Government, or receive large subventions from the national funds. As, however, our Zoological Society, so far from obtaining aid or assistance from the Government, is highly taxed by the latter—not only paying a large rent for the use of the land occupied in the Regent's Park, but also contributing very handsomely to Her Majesty's Exchequer in the shape of Income Tax—it stands to reason that the Society cannot be expected to open their Gardens to the public *gratis*, although, as we have been informed, the First Commissioner of Works has more than once invited them to pursue this course without offering to meet the deficiency that would be thereby caused in their income. But on all Mondays and holidays throughout the year the charge for entrance is reduced to sixpence; and, if the weather be fine on one of the more generally recognised holidays, it is no uncommon matter to find five and twenty thousand or so of the working-classes of the Metropolis in the enjoyment of the combined amusement and instruction here provided for them. The total number of visitors to these Gardens in 1861 was nearly 382,000, and the number has not fallen short of 350,000 in any of the last seven years.

With regard to the Society's expenditure in 1861, the Report informs us that the sum of 13,337*l.* sufficed to maintain the large establishment of the Society in a full state of efficiency during the year, thus leaving a balance of receipts over payments which Mr. Gladstone might well envy. The whole of this surplus, however—indeed, rather more, for a portion of the "balances in the exchequer" has been employed in a similar manner—was devoted to permanent improvements in the Gardens. It will be allowed by every one who has been in the habit of visiting the Zoological Gardens during the past twelve months that the money thus expended has been most judiciously laid out, and will, we have little doubt, produce its own reward by still further increasing the popularity of the establishment. The new antelope house, to the completion of which a part of this sum has been devoted, is certainly

the most commodious and best-arranged building in the Gardens. The "loose boxes" tenanted by the fine large specimens of this interesting group of animals, now arranged in order in the comfortable quarters here provided for them, are such as few favourite hunters enjoy; and, whilst ventilation is amply provided for, the introduction of hot-water pipes, heated by Messrs. Week's patent boilers, secures them a uniform and genial temperature even in the coldest winter day, and in spite of the damp soil of stiff clay for which the Regent's Park is notorious. The new building lately added to the refreshment room is another improvement, which has not been executed before it was greatly needed. Smaller sums have been devoted to new roads, new fences, new enclosures, and to the general amelioration of the establishment, and the Council are fairly justified in the remark that their endeavours to put their grounds in order, in anticipation of an unusually large number of visitors during the present summer, seem to have been crowned with success.

Let us now see what the Council have to tell us about the Society's "Menagerie," under which head a full account is given of the present state of the extensive collection of living animals, and of the additions made to it since the previous anniversary. The total number of animals in the Gardens varies generally from 1400 to 1500 individuals. Owing, as we are told, to the rather unusually large sale of duplicates in the past autumn, the census taken on the 31st of December last showed a slight decrease in numbers since the same day in the previous year. But the stock of larger and more important quadrupeds had been considerably increased, principally through the collections of South African animals received from Sir George Grey. The late popular and able Governor of the Cape Colony has been a most distinguished benefactor to the Society's establishment; and so frequent and of such importance have been his donations to the Menagerie during the past two years that it has been thought advisable to send out a special agent to take charge of and convey to England the animals thus placed at the Society's disposal. On each of the occasions on which the collector thus employed has returned to this country during the past twelve months, it will be seen, by reference to the Report, that a fine series of antelopes and other rare animals, in many cases new to the Society's collection, has been received. The Koodoo, the Bless-bok, the Grys-bok, the Stein-bok and the Hartebeest, besides others of less note, are amongst those thus procured; and it is only necessary to look at the labels as one passes along the stalls in the Antelope-House, and observe how often Sir George Grey's name recurs as donor, to convince oneself that this plan, which was adopted by the Council at his request, has been fully successful in its results. The list of animals exhibited for the first time in the Society's Gardens since the previous anniversary embraces the names of 8 Mammals, 15 Birds, 9 Reptiles, and 1 Fish. The living forms of 33 animals have thus, for the first time in most cases, been brought before the eye of the naturalist and observation of the student. For though it may be more satisfactory, for those who have the opportunity, to observe animals in their native wilds, one of the great benefits conferred upon science by Zoological Gardens is that they afford conveniences for minute study of the character and expression of living animals such as are very seldom attainable whilst the subjects enjoy perfect freedom and unrestricted liberty of locomotion, and thus, in many cases, render great assistance in the difficult task of Zoological classification.

The two Paradise birds, which the Society received about a month ago through the exertions of well-known traveller and man of science—Mr. A. R. Wallace—are justly considered to be one of the greatest prizes in the way of novelties that have been obtained for many years. Several attempts have been made by our neighbours in Holland, who boast of a collection of living animals second only to that in the Regent's Park, to secure examples of these magnificent birds to grace their aviaries, but always without success. There is, indeed, a kind of Zoological tradition that a Paradise-bird was once alive at Windsor, in the possession of the late Princess Augusta, but the present birds are certainly the first that have ever been available for public examination in any part of Europe, and the Council may well be grateful to Mr. Wallace for enabling them to add these ornithological rarities to the collection. After the disappointment about the Python's eggs, something was certainly wanted to calm the wounded feelings of the Fellows, who were anxiously counting their little serpents before they were hatched, and a more charming solace than these beautiful birds could not have been provided for them. We shall be, indeed, astonished if Paradise-birds' plumes, which are stated by Mr. Wallace to have been for several years declining in price as an article of trade, do not again rise in the market, as these living producers of them become more generally known, and recover their now almost forgotten value as ornaments for the hats of our fair countrywomen.

The success attained by the Zoological Society in their efforts to perpetuate their breeds of African Elands and Himalayan pheasants in this country during the past season, seems to have been likewise encouraging as to the ultimate results of these experiments. Each of the three females of the first-named animal retained by the Society for "stock" produced a calf during the past twelve months, and that the mothers and their respective infants are enjoying sound health may be ascertained by any one who chooses to visit the Society's Eland house, and inspect the little herd standing at ease in the adjoining enclosure. The pheasants bred rather more abundantly than in the year 1861, fifty-four young birds having been successfully reared instead of forty-five. But it is in vain to expect that any great success can

be obtained with these birds in the confined space and ill-favoured soil to which they are necessarily restricted in the Regent's Park. Their introduction into this country will never be thoroughly accomplished until other noblemen and gentlemen, with large parks and full purses at command, set to work as Lord Hill has done, and bestow on these new birds part of the care and attention usually lavished by their keepers upon ordinary pheasants and partridges. Though not so productive of immediate results, as several years must elapse before they are ready for slaughter, the introduction of these fine new game-birds into this country is surely worth the sacrifice of a few battues.

With regard to future prospects, the Council are also sanguine as to the state of their affairs during the present year. The revenue of the first quarter already shows a considerable increase over the corresponding period of 1861, and, looking to the large number of strangers who will visit London this summer, a considerable increase in the garden receipts is anticipated. We have no doubt, if the present energetic system of administration be continued—and we see that no change has taken place in the Society's executive at the recent election—that the money thus to be received will be well laid out before the next anniversary. There are still "worlds to conquer" for the Zoological Society of London, and they need not stop to sigh. Our American cousins are now exhibiting living specimens of the White Whale of the St. Lawrence to the public at Boston and New York. When Leviathan is once in a tub on board ship, it would seem as easy to bring him into the Thames as into Long Island Sound or Boston Harbour. We hope that the Council of the Zoological Society will not hesitate to follow the example set them by their Transatlantic rivals, and that before long we may have the satisfaction of seeing something very like a Whale in the Regent's Park.

REVIEWS.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.*

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin are always amusing, and they are also, either directly or indirectly, instructive. If a parody of Mr. Jefferson Davis's Message bears little resemblance to the original, the caricature at least represents the opinions of the artist and the impression which he wishes to convey. There may often be legitimate criticism in the most paradoxical exaggeration, for the person satirized may fairly be supposed to intend whatever is not inconsistent with his actual meaning. Mr. Lowell, perhaps, overdoes his irony when he makes his fictitious personages labour to expose their own mistakes and absurdities. It becomes too evident that the pretended admission is really the willing evidence of a hostile witness, and the illusion is not strengthened by the accidental circumstance that the ostensible representatives of the South speak in the dialect which is conventionally appropriated to the genuine New Englander. The fictitious Mr. Sawin is, indeed, of Northern extraction, but Mr. Jefferson Davis can scarcely be represented, even for poetical purposes, as a comic Yankee or cunning buffoon of the type of *Sam Slick*. Still less can he consistently be made to acknowledge that "though the the'ry's fust rate the facs wunt coincide." It must have been the purpose of his Message to encourage his Congress, and not to inform them that resistance was hopeless. Some part of the document is, nevertheless, highly amusing, though the humour is not sufficiently dramatic. Mr. Biglow parodies what Mr. Jefferson Davis may possibly have thought, although he disregards all probability in his report of what is supposed to have been said. Nothing can be more natural than that the Confederate President should regret his failure to obtain recognition. It would have broken up the blockade, and provided "nice paper to coin into C.S.A. specie."

The voice of the driver 'd be heard in our land,
An' the universe scringe, if we lifted our hand;
Wouldn't that be some like a fulfillin' the prophecies,
With all the fus' fel'lies in all the best offices?
'T wuz a beautiful dream, and all sorrier is idle—
But of Lincoln would ha' hanged Mason and Slidell!
They ain't o' no good in European pollicess,
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on their gallowses;
They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin' their mission—
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Recognition.

There are amusing extravagances in a still more improbable exposition of the fiscal advantages of destroying the cotton crop:

Some want we should buy all the cotton and burn it,
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the war, to return it—
Then to take the proceeds and hold them ez security
For an issue o' bonds to be met at maturity
With an issue o' notes, to be paid in hard cash
On the fus' Monday follerin' the tarnal All smash.

Satire of this kind is not of a high order, for it only translates into good-humoured doggerel the common-place vituperation which the North has long been uttering, with a thousand voices, against Secession. In Mr. Biglow's language, "the facs wunt coincide." A large population with a great army in the field may possibly be criminal, but it is not ridiculous. The civil war remains, even under comic treatment, a serious matter to the belligerents. There might at first sight seem to be something laughable in the

* *The Biglow Papers.* By James Russell Lowell. (Second Series.) Part 2.

assumption that a formidable revolution had been organized by two or three conspirators on the strength of a few transparent falsehoods—

With a people united, an' longin' to die,
For wut we call their country, without askin' why;

but a moment's reflection suggests that unaccountable events prove only the ignorance of those who are unable to account for them. In nature and in history there are no paradoxes, although many things are unexpected, and some are puzzling. If Mr. Jefferson Davis had really, without a plausible pretext, persuaded eight millions of Americans to secede, his personal influence would indicate a greatness of character which it is by no means Mr. Lowell's purpose to acknowledge. In the best of the *Biglow Papers* there was the serious defect of an erroneous theory. It is not necessary that a satirist should be extraordinarily wise, but on the particular question in hand he ought to take care that he is in the right, or, at least, that he is not obviously in the wrong. The unprincipled selfishness which found vent in the Mexican war was a fair subject either for indignation or for ridicule, but Mr. Hosea Biglow made the mistake of including all war in his facetious denunciation:—

As fur war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat,
I don't need to go no furder
Then my Testament for that.

The reader is at first tickled by the grotesque familiarity of style; but his Scriptural education must have been remarkably neglected, if he accepts the statement that war is denounced in the New Testament as murder. At present, Mr. Biglow goes much "furder," without finding inspired authority against a war which he and the bulk of his countrymen think fit to approve and promote. Ridicule ought to look for the moment as if it were the test of truth, and it is idle to deal with a tangible substance on the assumption that it is the figment of a morbid imagination.

Mr. Birdofredum, as an imaginary character, is a better vehicle for humour than Mr. Jefferson Davis. In a former letter, he explained how he had been tarred and feathered, and how he had consequently adopted Confederate principles. He has now, as the husband of a Southern lady, become, in his own opinion, a member of the aristocracy:—

Miss S. (her maiden name was Higgs, o' the fust fam'ly here)
On her Ma's side all Juggernot, on Pa's all Cavileer.

An' when we've laid ye all out stiff, and Jeff hez gut his crown,
An' comes to pick his nobles out, wua 't this child be in town.

The Virginian affectation of noble descent is fairly open to satire, but Mr. Sawin, as usual, overdoes the joke, by giving the reasons against the claim, instead of the arguments by which Southern gentlemen support it. Incidentally, he gives an excellent Yankee definition of respectability:—

I've hearn from 'sponsible men whose word was full as good 's ex their note,
Men that could run their face for drinks, an' keep a Sunday coat;
Thet they was all on 'em come down, and come down poaty far,
From folks that, 'thout their crowns waz on, ou' doors would n' never star.

At first Mr. Sawin was not in favour of seceding. He would have preferred that South Carolina should try the experiment, while the sister States "sat on the fence," and waited to see which way it would be prudent to jump:—

But when I see a man so wise and honest as Buchanan
A-letting us have all the forts, and all the arms and canan,
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right, and you wuz nat'lly wrong,
Coz you wuz lab'ring folks, and we wuz wut they call *bong-tong*.

Seein' all this, and seein' tu the thing wuz strikin' roots,
While Uncle Sam sat still in hopes that some one'd bring his boots,
I thought the 'ole Union's hoops wuz off, an' let myself be sucked on
To rise a peg, an' jine the crowd that went for reconstruction.

In many passages the satire is somewhat double-edged, or, like a nail in unskilled hands, it is apt to come back on the head of the thresher. Mr. Sawin greatly admires Mr. Jefferson Davis's vigour in coercing the newspapers, and his fertility in the invention of victories and of encouraging news in general. If such proceedings are ludicrous, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton have reason to complain of their exposure by an undoubted and zealous adherent.

Perhaps the best part of Mr. Sawin's letter is his description of the Confederate Congress, as it is supposed to flourish under the President's superintendence:—

Jeff don't allow no jawin' sprees for three months at a stretch,
Knowin' the ears long speeches suit, are mostly made to metch.
He jest ropes in your tonguey chaps, and reg'lar ten-mile bores,
An' lets 'em play at Congress, of they'll du it with closed doors;
So they ain't no more bothersome than of we took an' sunk 'em,
An' yit en'y th' exclusive right to one another's Bancombe,
'Thout doing nobody no hurt, an' 'thout its costin' nothin',
Their pay bein' jes' Confed'rate funds, they findin' keep and clothin';
They taste the sweets o' public life, and plan their little jobs,
An' suck the Treash'ry (no great harm, for it's ez dry ez cobs);
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe ez in a prison,
An' hev their business to themselves, while Buregard hez his'n.

There is much humour in the picture of a jobbing Assembly plundering an empty Treasury, and receiving pay in the valueless notes of an insolvent Government; and yet Mr. Lowell evidently believes that a single ruler can carry on war more efficiently than any representative body. In the close of his letter Mr. Sawin, as in the *parabasis* of a Greek comedy, throws away the mask to address the Northern audience on behalf of the author. He warns

his correspondent that the Federal Constitution will never work as long as the best men are excluded from public life by the necessity imposed on candidates of flattering vulgar prejudices, or by the popular preference of rotation. "Axe-grinding," commissions given to "peddin' drones," who trade with their men in whisky, safe candidates—

That no one ain't afeard on,
Coz they're so thundering eminent for being never heerd on.

All these are by no means likely to promote the success of a Republican Government, nor will it flourish—

Long 'z you believe democracy means "I'm ez good ez you be,"
An' that a fellow from the ranks can't be a knave or booby.

The definition of democracy, as it exists in America, has the inconvenient merit of exhaustive accuracy. The Northern population will allow its liberties to be suspended; it will change its opinions on a hint from its leaders, and it will prostrate itself at the feet of any hero of the moment; but the conviction, "I'm as good as you be," is deeply rooted in the popular mind, and on the whole it has, to a great extent, been justified by the characters and exploits of prominent and official politicians.

Surprise has often been expressed at the notice which Mr. Lowell's political squibs have attracted in England. The *Biglow Papers* exhibit no depth of irony. The contrasts which they present are superficial, and they cannot even be said to aim at sprightliness or elegance. The doctrines which are taught by implication are scarcely sounder than the opinions which are ridiculed, and the comic effect evidently depends on the use of an essentially vulgar dialect. It is, in truth, in his management of the language which he thinks fit to employ that Mr. Lowell displays considerable dramatic humour. His characters are represented as half consciously playing with their own absurdities, and they have a remarkable fluency of metaphorical expression, while their illustrations are always homely or grotesque. A pro-slavery preacher at a revival meeting delivered "a most impressive sermon":—

He did'n' put no weakenin' in, but gin it tu us hot,
Z'ef he an' Satan'd been two bulls in one five-acre lot.

The speaker may be a reprobate, and he certainly cannot be mistaken for a gentleman; but, on the other hand, he is evidently not a simpleton. The ready intellect which sees the resemblance of spiritual rant to grog, and of the performer to a quarrelsome bull, may be supposed to have its own reasons for following the popular example, when "nine-tenths the perrish took to tumblin' roun' an' hollering." Mr. Sawin's conversion was the condition of his marriage with Miss Higgs, and accordingly, "we fin'ly made it up, concluded to hetch hoses"—an admirable reduction of the highest form of partnership to the lowest and most temporary. If a nation may be judged from its slang, there is an element of sense and modesty even in Mr. Sawin's countrymen and equals. The coarse exaggeration which passes for eloquence may be partially corrected by the trick of giving a contumelious version of all the objects of humorous discourse. "This hoss," or "this nigger," are inoffensive forms of egotism. "Taking har" involves the least possible prejudice against scalping, and even at the last there is a laudable absence of tragic emotion in being "rubbed out," or in "going under," when the world would speak of dying.

Mr. Lowell is a poet as well as a humorist; for, if his metrical achievements are not of the highest order, they are perhaps more successful than any productions of his American rivals. The natural and easy flow of his verses may be envied by more ambitious writers, and there are few rarer gifts than the art of combining poetry with playfulness. Unskillful or careless ears may be deceived by the combination of sonorous phrases, and by the choice of impressive subjects. Stars, sunsets, and cataracts, love and sorrow, life and death, are connected, especially in youthful minds, with associations which almost supersede the necessity of harmonious composition. It is more difficult to deal with familiar language; and professed vulgarity, if it supplies a material for humour, is by no means adapted to metrical treatment. Versification is the one conclusive and indispensable test of poetical capacity, and Mr. Lowell has repeatedly proved that he is something better than a mere satirical rhymester.

HUGH MILLER'S ESSAYS.*

THERE is something in the way in which the Scotch speak of each other which is not very easy to explain. Of course mere provincialism is simple enough. It is very intelligible why a villager backs up a man from his own village, and why townsmen and dwellers in counties stand by each other. If the Scotch merely said that their local friends were the cleverest and bravest and handsomest people to be met with, we should not waste much thought on a piece of honest provincial conviction, ignorance, or audacity. It is the peculiar way in which the Scotch praise each other that moves our wonder. If they want to speak well of a friend, they always select the one human being who in all ages has been greatest in their friend's line, and say that he and their friend are about on a par. The most astonishing instance of this we ever met with was in Professor Ferrier's preface to Wilson's works, in which he assured the world that the only rival to the wisdom of Christopher North's *Recreations* was the wisdom of Plato, and the only rival to their wit was the wit of Shakespeare. This was not surprising so much on account of the extraordinary flight of the

* Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political and Social, Literary and Scientific. By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Black. 1862.

praise, as on account of the person who uttered it. We cannot ascribe anything written by Professor Ferrier to the provincialism of a half-educated man. The volume before us supplies another instance, only not quite so remarkable, because the gentleman who offers it is not so well known to fame. Mr. Peter Bayne, in his preface to the collection of Hugh Miller's essays, tells us that, for rough and rapid vigour, they might be matched, or more, by the *Times*, that in lightness of wit they might be surpassed by Prevost Paradol, and that in imagination and thought they are not quite equal to the essays of Coleridge; but "as complete journalistic essays, symmetrical in plan, finished in execution, and of sustained and splendid ability, the articles of Hugh Miller are unrivalled." The Americans have exactly the same way of putting things, and, so far as we know, they and the Scotch stand alone in adopting it. When they wished to say that the Federal Government had selected a promising young officer as Commander-in-chief, who was competent to drill an unwieldy army, and to take the safest steps with the extremest caution, they could think of no apter way of expressing this than by saying that McClellan was exactly like Napoleon. In neither case is there any intentional untruth, or any desire to be guilty of fulsome flattery. The ordinary American and Scotch mind appears to be incapable of appreciating the shades and degrees of comparison. It goes straight to the extremest mark. Hugh Miller's essays were not in the least better than the ordinary writing of the *Scotsman*, but they had more point probably than the run of composition in the *Witness*, where they appeared. Mr. Bayne wished to express this; and his way of doing it was to recall the name of the writer whose reputation for liveliness of newspaper style was the greatest he could recollect, and then assert that it was just possible Hugh Miller's essays might be surpassed in liveliness of style by Prevost Paradol. It would be a very curious enquiry how a mode of expression like this, which is unknown in England and France, comes to be so frequent in Scotland and America.

Although belonging to a very different level from that occupied by the writings of Prevost Paradol or Coleridge, Hugh Miller's essays are not bad, and have a peculiar interest of their own. Hugh Miller started in life as a working man. He had the sense to be proud of this, and his essays are full of allusions to the time when, in the artless language of journalism, "we were earning twelve shillings a week in a quarry." He educated himself, he worked his way upwards, and he cultivated his great natural power of examining and recording a certain description of physical phenomena. He read a great many books, he took a genuine interest in the questions of his day and country, and by dint of practice he made himself equal to writing very creditable essays on all sorts of subjects. These essays are not up, perhaps, to the standard in style and thought of the ordinary English essay contributed to the *Quarterlies*; but as the essays of a stonemason they are well worth looking at. And they have some of the merits which belong specially to the writings of a self-made man. Their prominent characteristic is the freshness and force with which the author seizes on some point, not very recondite, but not too obvious, and works it with the evident delight of a man who thinks he has lighted on a treasure. The opinions seem his own more than the opinions of most essayists. This is an accidental advantage, for if he had had a more complete early education he would have known that many of these opinions had been formed, and in several instances rejected, by previous thinkers. But his not knowing this gives his essays the charm of freshness attendant on the compositions of an author who thinks his thunder exclusively his own. Hugh Miller had also a natural gift which he really possessed in a degree which few men can rival. He had a very quick eye. Whenever, therefore, he describes or reflects on what he has seen, as in the scientific essays, and in those on such subjects as the Great Exhibition, or on galleries of pictures, he writes with the ease and superiority derived by a man who has taken in at a glance most of the salient features of what he sees.

These essays are also well worth noticing in point of style. There is such a thing, as many people must have remarked, as the modern essay style. It is hard to say who invented it or where it is best to be seen. It is the creation of that literature of quarterly periodicals which began about half a century ago, but no one writer has marked himself out as its model or creator. It has now become quite a common accomplishment. A periodical of any force and brilliancy may, indeed, give it a slightly peculiar turn, but this turn is also very imitable; and essay writing in the best imitation essay style, with a colouring adapted to a particular journal, may be now had in almost inexhaustible quantities. Editors know, to their sorrow, how abundant it is. They are flooded with contributions which are full of sense, and knowledge, and proper remarks, and are built after an approved plan, and written in an undeniably style. Except that they have no fun in them, and that all the thought is second-hand, they are exactly like the genuine article. Of this faculty of writing in the recognised imitation essay style we do not think very highly, seeing that it is so common among persons who have gone through the usual laborious English education. But for a Scotch stonemason to have acquired it was a great feat. Hugh Miller acquired it in a high degree. It cost him great labour and pains to do it, but he worked hard and did it. His editor tells us that, to the last, Miller found great difficulty in writing such essays as those in this volume, and yet he went on writing for years. This is only a very small selection from the masses of essay writing he has left behind him. All cost him pains; but he saw what was

wanted for the approved imitation essay, and he resolved to give it. As his editor says—"For the most part the topic suggesting the essays was but the occasion for a display of the writer's thought and imagination, the fly round which the precious and imperishable amber of Mr. Miller's genius was accumulated." This fly and its amber are old friends in England. We know them by heart. Anyone who watches the essays spun off so copiously in England must be quite familiar with the process of making the amber round the fly. Hugh Miller made his amber after the fashion so ingeniously and constantly adopted in the *Times*. Essay after essay is constructed in the same way. The central thought, the fly, is taken first. Then a comparison or parallel subject, not remote, but so far off that its introduction does not necessarily suggest what is coming, is taken next. This is the amber, and in the finished production comes outside the fly. Anyone who opens the volume will find instance after instance. There is, for example, an essay on the praises bestowed by various Scotch and other writers on Chalmers at the time of his death. The essay opens by asking the reader whether he has ever heard a cannon fired in the Highlands. The progress of the sound is described—the echoes are spoken of—and we are told how they are caught up from peak to peak and spread over lake and sea. This is the amber. The fly which follows is to the effect that just in the same way tributes to Chalmers were passed on from one admirer to another.

To get beyond this kind of composition—which, we repeat, it was in the highest degree creditable to a Scotch stonemason to produce—an essayist must have great brilliancy of style, or knowledge, or thought. To brilliancy of style Hugh Miller had not the remotest pretensions, or to wit or humour of any kind. He worked hard to get knowledge; and he acquired what, as measured by his disadvantages, must be considered a great deal. But it is curious to see how a self-made man, without any profound appetite for learning, is constantly coming to the end of his knowledge and his interests. The realities to him are the things which are most familiar and accessible to him. Remoter things are only the ornaments of his mind. This showed itself in a very odd way in Hugh Miller. He could not help coming round to Scotland, and Scotch people, and Scotch books, whatever was the subject with which he started. This was not a paltry provincialism in him; but Scotch things had that prominence in his mind which agricultural things have in a farmer's view, or which vestry politics have in the mind of a vestryman. Essay after essay begins with the widest discussion, and a lavish introduction of the greatest names, and then we find that this is only a sort of decorative preliminary to the discussion of something Scotch. There is an essay called "Our Novel Literature," which is placed at the end of the volume, and therefore we are not deluded into the expectation that it is really going to discuss the history or value of British works of fiction. But, if it had come earlier, we might easily have been taken in by the first five or six pages, there is such an abundant reference to the works of almost every great writer of fiction that ever lived—Goethe, and Scott, and Goldsmith, and Fielding, and a host of others. But we get through this flourish, and we then find that the real subject of inquiry—the point that really had meaning and interest to the writer—is the great subject whether the second work of Mrs. Margaret Maitland was equal to her first.

There is no reason why a man who sets out as a stonemason should not exhibit any amount of thought in his writings. A man may be a deep, and original, and bold thinker without much education or commerce with the world. Hugh Miller might have been such a man, and the hope of finding thought in him may perhaps tempt some readers to look at his essays. They will be disappointed. Hugh Miller never got beyond the usual Scotch thought current in the set of people among whom he moved. His one idea is that there is a yawning gulf of Popery on the one side, and a rather more yawning gulf of infidelity on the other; and that the only thing to do is to pass along the fine hair offered by some fraction of the Scotch Kirk. Everything is brought round to this in the way so familiar to all people who know anything of Scotland. Hugh Miller is, of course, puzzled by the fact so puzzling to most Scotchmen, that their countrymen on whom they most pride themselves, such as Burns, Scott, and Carlyle, do not hold by this theory with anything like the proper tenacity. However, Hugh Miller did his best to account for this. There is, more especially, an explanation of the want of conspicuous religion in Lockhart's novels that is worth noticing. Miller's theory is that Lockhart was "carried away by Moderate predilections." Let us hope this may be recognised as a satisfactory account of the matter in Scotland. But if Hugh Miller did not get beyond the common thought of his country, he at least had kind and true thoughts within his own sphere. His essays are full of consideration for the poor, anxiety that the rich should do justice, and protests against the supposed advantage of ministers remaining unscientific. He used his reputation to a praiseworthy purpose, and perhaps he effected more immediate good than he would have done if his mind had been one of genius and power. He was nearer the level of his countrymen, and could influence them more directly. There is not enough in his essays to make them much worth reading out of Scotland; but in Scotland we have no doubt that the people who admire them will benefit by them.

THEBES AND ITS TOMBS.*

THERE is great cry about this book, but very little wool. Mr. Rhind is not a mere Eastern tourist, but he has for some time devoted himself to a very important branch of archaeological inquiry, and he has been for five years preparing the results of his labours. We had, therefore, every right to expect something worth having, and we took up this work with pleasant hopes which have not been realized. When an author chooses to herald and parade his exploits by extra-sized type, royal octavo, shining paper, and resplendent binding, impressed with a chaplet of golden bay-leaves, the public is naturally led to suppose that the writer has something to tell. In the present instance, he has given himself the trouble of accumulating all these sumptuous appliances for the mere purpose, as it seems, of framing and setting off the simple statement that he has, in reality, next to nothing to tell us, and of explaining the reasons why the result of his researches is so scanty, intangible, and unsatisfactory. All this ornamentation constitutes a sort of apology for shortcomings in matters of real interest, and is very pretty in itself; but we can by no means accept it as a full compensation. In short, Mr. Rhind has himself anticipated, in his remarks on his own investigations, what the reader will not fail to remark of his book—"The result is not otherwise than vexatious." We do not require such an apparatus as the present in order to tell us that the history of the old Egyptian metropolis lies "shrouded in a thick gloom, now nearly impenetrable," and that, consequently, there is hardly anything to describe. Under such circumstances, we are surely justified in complaining that Mr. Rhind should have considered archaeological science likely in any material degree to be benefited by his burdening our library tables with a costly and elaborate account of the minute details of excavations which led to nothing. Had even these labours been narrated in simple and appropriate language, they might have had some interest for the student; but the scanty results which Mr. Rhind has to recount have been so overlaid with fine writing and transcendental speculations upon every conceivable proposition and hypothesis in ancient history, philosophy, and mythology, that the reader loses his patience before he gets to the root of the matter. Mr. Kinglake tells an excellent story of one Osman Effendi, whom he met in a high official situation in Egypt, and whose invincible Caledonian nationality was proof against all the efforts of Mussulman assimilation; so that his very book-shelves contained nothing but the Edinburgh this and the Edinburgh that. Mr. Rhind has given us an excellent opportunity of recognising an unmistakable countryman of the worthy Osman in the same locality. He is, unquestionably, a good scholar, well and extensively read in general and classical literature, and more especially in all that relates to Egypt, from Herodotus to Mr. Lane, not excluding Champollion, Young, and Birch, and he has duly and well digested and assimilated the multifarious contents of his authors; but such assimilation never takes any other form than that of metaphysical argument and speculation. We Southern readers, who search the ponderous volume for facts, are apt to cry out against the ideal ancient Thebes which Mr. Rhind has evolved out of the contemplation of his own moral self-consciousness.

Of the illustrations — or at least of the principal illustration — we shall have more to say presently. We will now only mention a good and well-engraved map of Thebes showing the limits of the annual inundation since the bed of the river has risen and increased its extent, and of the consequent position of the royal city and its surrounding necropolis high and dry previous to this elevation. Mr. Rhind made a careful study of previous excavations in these regions, and, being much impressed by their hazy and inconclusive results, he was anxious to obtain means of adding to the knowledge already collected such details of mortuary practices as might lead to the elucidation of obscure points in the theory of Egyptian sepulture. Full of hope he commenced his operations, and succeeded, after continual disappointments, in finding a tomb which had not been opened in modern times, and having a seal inscribed with a name read as Amunoph III. This, however, was filled with nothing but broken coffins, fragments of all kinds, and mummies which had been stripped of all their valuables. The only interest lay in the appearance of each body having been labelled with little square tablets, bearing names read as those of princesses of the family of Thothmes III. From the want of decoration in the tomb, and the coarse swathings of the bodies, Mr. Rhind considers them to have been servants or slaves of the princesses. Led on to further excavations in other places, he was rewarded by a very fine specimen of the funeral canopy frequently represented in the tombs, being of brilliantly painted wood, and in perfect preservation. This canopy, which now adorns the Museum at Edinburgh, is the only one that has yet been found. This tomb had evidently never been opened, either in ancient or modern times, since the last body was deposited in the granite sarcophagus, round which the implements of sepulture were found lying. There was little worth finding in the tomb besides the canopy — guardian mummies of animals, gilt masks, crumbling evergreens, coffins filled with bodies never intended for them and evidently hastily crammed in, and, finally, a golden chaplet, which Mr. Rhind instantly seizes upon and binds round his own temples as a laurel-wreath of undying fame. To drop metaphor,

he gives a needlessly large and costly reproduction of it, uncalled for by any special peculiarity, and he describes every chaplet ever found before, to the augmentation of the bulk rather than the value of his book. A papyrus found upon the occupant of the sarcophagus is described as giving the name of the person buried there, and the date of his burial, 9 B.C. An advertisement at the end of the volume announces a forthcoming translation of this by Mr. Birch, and an outline of its contents is given in the body of the work. The hieratic text is accompanied by a demotic version, and in this circumstance its chief interest lies. The same advertisement promises a second account of the discovery of this very tomb by Mr. Rhind, who is more anxious to repeat than we are to hear his twice-told tale. We are at a loss to conceive what object can be gained by such repetition of that which is already too minutely described. At this rate, books on Egypt bid fair to rival the Great Pyramid in bulk, and do not seem likely to contain more substantial treasure than that structure.

The fact is, that little reasonable hope remains of discovering anything of great interest in these excavations. In all probability, few, if any, tombs remain as yet unopened, and of these it is extremely unlikely that any remain unruined. The spoliation of Theban tombs has by no means been confined to modern times. In the most flourishing times of the Theban kings, robbery of the dead and violation of the tombs was a common source of popular anxiety and dread. Evidence of this is afforded by a papyrus described as containing the report of commissioners appointed to inquire into a case of the kind. Moreover, Strabo's express testimony, that in his time the tombs were open or penetrable, and not regarded as sacred, is amply confirmed by the scribblings of old Greek writers on their walls. It is impossible to say how much the future decipherment of manuscripts and inscriptions may teach us, but it seems certain that the only hope of increasing our knowledge lies in the successful translation of such documents. Mr. Rhind points out how much information of a general kind may be gleaned even from the Rituals of the Dead, especially as regards the inner life and psychical condition of the ancient Egyptians — although, as he justly remarks, the fact of the same customs having been observed in every particular "does not necessarily imply a fixed perpetuation of the ideas which had been the origin of these developments," in consequence of the disturbing element introduced by foreign conquest. Excavations in the cemetery of the poor are described in some fifty pages. These, also, were attended with little result, although some of the coffins found were as old as the time of Amunoph I. Not one of these appeared to contain its original mummy. Shoes and boots, coarse ornaments, a quantity of clay cones stamped with the same seal, some eatables, and coarsely-painted vases, formed the principal contents of the tombs. Besides these, there were some well-made bows and arrows, some wooden dolls with painted limbs, precisely like the German dolls of today, and a beautiful miniature coffin twelve inches high, conjectured by Mr. Rhind to be a specimen of the well-known coffin described by Herodotus as having been carried round at banquets to remind the guests of the transitory nature of earthly pleasures.

Mr. Rhind has bestowed an extra amount of labour and care upon the chapter in which he strives to attain a right understanding of the original ideas represented by the ceremonies and symbols used in Egyptian sepulture; but, unfortunately, the toilsome work of extracting pith and marrow out of his transcendental verbiage renders it as difficult a task to follow him as to keep up with the famous LL.'s immortalized in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. We are at once drowned in a sea of speculation about necessary connexion, the battle-fields of idealism and materialism, of sensational and intuitionist systems, positivism, systems of human progression, Buckle, Vico, Montesquieu, Comte and De Morgan — the sum and substance of all which amounts to this, that "there are few subjects where the licence of inference has been more largely employed with the semblance of induction, and demanding a corresponding authority, than in discussing the psychological and similar questions suggested by the sepulchral rites of the Egyptians." We subjoin an extract, in order to give our readers some idea of Mr. Rhind's style: —

That a connexion subsisted between burial practices and rites on the one hand and religious conceptions on the other, might, on common grounds, be predicated, while, in the case in question, it is certified by specific evidence. But what were the exact points of contact, what the constructive operation of each upon the other, and the influence of external conditions upon both, are problems which, although this has not been customary, it would be more instructive, and certainly more correct, to admit as inextricably involved from containing many contingent elements. The idea entertained by the Egyptians themselves upon the subject has not come down to us in any distinctly-recorded statement. If it had, there would not the less have remained a necessity to consider the point of view in which we might be placed, according to the nature of any such record. Its character might be of a kind only to authenticate the import attributed at a given time to certain customs and forms, and it might by no means retain remembrance of the actual conditions under which they came into being. For dogmatic interpretations of such practices, subsequently created or worked out by ingenious systematists, might be far from exhibiting the actual influences and development of thought under which they primarily originated.

And so the book rolls on, page after page, like the mighty Atlantic, with huge billows of truly oceanic turbidity. The Neo-Johnsonese into which Mr. Reeve has thought fit to translate M. de Tocqueville is nothing like this. The Neo-Johnsonese of the *Rejected Addresses* is more like it, and, indeed, furnished us with the means of appropriately characterizing this work as a par-

* *Thebes: its Tombs and their Tenants, Ancient and Modern; including a Record of Excavations in the Necropolis.* By A. Henry Rhind, F.S.A., &c. Longmans. 1862.

turgent mountain which has produced a muscular abortion. We cannot disentangle Mr. Rhind's web of theories and speculations for the sake of making our readers acquainted with his conclusions. They must seek his own pages for the arguments by which he decides that the "evidence is against the existence of a fundamental *general* principle enjoining the lengthened inviolability of the body, and attaching it to the alleged transmigration period of 3000 years." We conclude by expressing our cordial concurrence with Mr. Rhind in lamenting that so much has been written to so little purpose; and we doubly regret that he should be at the trouble of confirming so sound a principle by his own example, and add one more to the number of those who have thrown "but little light on the vista of the past." "Worker after worker has built a pharos on the great quicksand of oblivion which lies between it and us, but the solvent influence of advancing enquiry has deprived each in its turn of cohesive power, causing it to sink down and leave no trace, unless its residuum, containing substantial elements, could make some addition to the accumulating foundations."

Mr. Rhind does good service in disproving the prevalent idea that iron was either unknown to the ancient Egyptians, or that it invariably decomposed from the action of the nitrous soil of the desert—at the same time that he questions the correctness, at least in most cases, of the alleged interpretation of "iron" assigned to certain hieroglyphics. He himself found iron rails as perfect and fresh as on the day on which they were forged; and he further considers that, about the epoch of the Homeric poems, iron was, more or less completely, displacing bronze in Egypt.

There is nothing further of any interest in the succeeding chapters, beyond a very just and forcible protest against the reckless and shameless spoliation of the tombs, carried on by Europeans, not merely by travellers, but even by scientific and authorized investigators. When old Mohammed Ali was urged to save the antiquities, he replied, "How can I save them, and why should you ask me, seeing that Europeans themselves are their chief enemies?" Such spoliation is utterly unjustifiable, and is equivalent, as Mr. Rhind properly remarks, to breaking off mouldings from a Gothic cathedral in order to place them in a museum. Mr. Rhind closes his work by two chapters upon Modern Egypt, being a reprint of articles by him which have already appeared in the *Times* and the *Literary Gazette*. We cannot say that we have found anything in them sufficiently new or important to justify republication. In some parts, indeed, he encroaches upon the ground of the tourist, as when he describes the well-known ceremony of the Doseh, or progress of a sheikh on horseback over the backs of a prostrate crowd. This, and most of the remaining contents of these two chapters, may be found in Lane, and will continue to be read in Lane, rather than in Rhind, so long as people prefer simple unaffected narrative at half-a-crown to portentous pilings-up of words at eighteen shillings.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT.*

EVERY one who remembers the Paris of Louis Philippe and the Paris of the Republic will have remarked many changes in the city besides those produced by new streets, boulevards, and buildings. The one that strikes an Englishman as much as, or perhaps more than, any other is the change in the hours which Paris keeps. Fifteen or even ten years ago, Paris, like other Continental cities, went to bed early. In those days, after 11 o'clock P.M., you might walk for miles along some of the leading thoroughfares without meeting anybody except the *chiffonnier* slouching along with his cane-book and lantern swinging close to the pavement, or the distressed *ouvrier* with his cap well drawn over his eyes—a gentleman who especially affected the quays, and was reported to be the principal contributor of objects of interest to the Morgue. About the Boulevards, in the neighbourhood of the cafés, it is true, the signs of life lingered a little longer; and, in the quarter of the hotels frequented by the English, gentlemen of that nation, who always do at Rome as London does, might be seen on their way home from the quarters of their compatriots, or heard making night hideous by their performance on the bell and their calls upon the sleepy porter at Meurice's or the Hôtel Windsor. But, with these exceptions, Paris, as a city, was in bed long before midnight. With Imperialism came new lines of streets and boulevards, new shops, and fresh floods of gaslight—always a powerful attraction for the *flâneur*, who has a great deal of the moth in his composition. With Imperialism there came, too, an increased activity in the upper strata of society. Balls, parties, and soirées multiplied, and when they multiply some must persevere to be late. As long as there was a stir in the streets, and carriages to be seen, the loungers would not retire to rest, and as long as the loungers were about, the shops and cafés kept open; so that Paris gradually crept into a habit of not going home till morning, and now bids fair to become as lively and wide-awake in the small hours as London itself. It is to this aspect of Paris that the earlier portions of M. Julien Lemer's book relate, the latter half being made up of a couple of tales of the ordinary feuilleton type which call for no special remark, and have nothing to do with Paris either by gaslight or by daylight.

With the lighting of the lamps, during three quarters of the year, there comes to thousands of Parisians a moment of intense anxiety. It is then that, as the author puts it, "ce problème terrible, comment dineraï-je? vient se poser comme un fantôme familier." It is a mistake to fancy that it is only the obviously

poor and needy who are agitated by cares of this sort. The most irreproachable waistcoat in the world may cover a heart uneasy as to the solution of the above question, especially in a city where dining at home is the exception, and the restaurants, taught by experience, are slow to give credit; and in the crowd on the asphalt of the Boulevard there is many an object of compassion to be seen pacing along tightly gloved and neatly booted, but dinnerless. There are, however, many receipts for a dinner under these circumstances. There is, of course, the common-place contrivance of going to the Mont-de-l'Île with some more easily spared article of dress or jewellery; and M. Lemer states as a fact that, at the higher class of these establishments, there is more business done between five and six in the afternoon than at any other time of the day. But he clearly looks on it as a device unworthy of a man of genius or imagination, and as arguing a deplorable poverty of invention. A much nobler and simpler plan is to dress for dinner carefully, take a cab and drive to some well-to-do friend's, and explain to him that you are going to dine with some grande in his neighbourhood, but that you have just discovered that you have left your purse at home, and consequently are unable to pay the cab. Or, another way, as the cookery books say—pick out a friend (young and affluent ones are best), and invite him to dine with you en tête-à-tête at Very's—Philippe's will do as well; then nicely tear out the lining of your pocket, order dinner—the more sumptuously the better—and when the time for settling the bill comes, discover that you have been robbed, and serve up and season your despair according to taste. A cheap and substantial dinner for four persons may be procured by a device which the author recommends as having been tried with success on one occasion. Certain actors, being in the predicament just mentioned, went to the property-room of the theatre they belonged to, and, selecting four liveries of sufficient magnificence, proceeded to the nearest restaurateur, and ordered an admirable dinner for four in the name of their master, the Marquis de Rostocoff. When the dinner was ready they called for it, and when it had been despatched they brought back the dishes and plate, and even, M. Lemer says, were considerate enough to ask for the bill, that the Marquis might settle it the next day.

The dinner-hunter is succeeded by the *flâneur*, who, though occasionally appearing in the daytime, is properly a nocturnal animal. According to our author, the geographical distribution of the *flâneur* proper is by no means so wide as a superficial view of Paris might lead one to imagine. For instance, he is rarely to be met with in the Rue St. Honoré—"On n'y flâne guère, mais on y passe beaucoup"—or in the Rue de Rivoli. The "sad" aspect imparted to the latter street by the English, who "come here to seek a remedy for the spleen," has had such a depressing effect upon the poor fellow's spirits, that, even in time of rain, he can hardly bear to take advantage of its arcades. M. Lemer is naturally severe upon that habitual dejection of ours which has made the Rue de Rivoli so intolerable to the French mind, but if he knew how his compatriots have avenged themselves in the Quadrant, and along the sunny side of Regent Street, and what a combined flavour of the Palais Royal and the Rue Bréda they have given to those eminent London thoroughfares, perhaps his soul would be satisfied. The Rue de la Paix is a sort of neutral ground, on account of its proximity to the Boulevard. "On y flâne, dans le haut surtout, mais l'Anglais y domine." Even the Palais Royal, we suspect, has become tainted. At present, however, the *flâneur* is supreme on the Boulevards from the Madeleine even to the Place de la Bastille. There the saddening influence of the Englishman is not yet felt, and little hats with curly brims, and glazed boots, and tooth-picks, and eau sucre, and other things which make existence endurable, may be enjoyed without any drawback. Even there, however, there are certain ominous signs—certain small clouds on the horizon that haply may indicate a coming deluge of spleen. Le pale ale and le soda-water (as yet, it is true, under the name of "soldat de Voltaire") have established themselves on the innocent light-hearted marble tables of the cafés, and when these British beverages make their appearance there is no saying how near dulness may be.

Another class of street-wanderer is represented by the "noctambule." The noctambule must be carefully distinguished from the "noctivague." The latter is a person who, in London slang, is said to have "the key of the street"—in other words, one who does not go home because he has no home to go to, and no money to hire one with. The noctivague's highest idea of human happiness is to have a room where he can turn-in at nine and sleep till the next morning; and if he succeeds in getting possession of one, he generally becomes a person of remarkably regular habits and hours. The noctambule, on the other hand, is characterized by a reluctance to go to bed at the time which mankind generally considers proper for that purpose. To him, going to bed at night is a mere conventionality. He sees no necessary connection between night and sleep. Sleep is simply intended to repair the wear and tear caused by bodily and mental activity, and night happens to be his period of activity. "L'atmosphère extérieure de la nuit lui paraît plus en harmonie avec ses goûts, son intelligence, ses sens même," as M. Lemer says. Some noctambulists have pushed this principle so far that during the winter months they never see daylight unless when the dawn overtakes them on their way home. Respectability may denounce the taste, but it cannot condemn it as utterly irrational. It would be idle to deny that noctambulism has charms and enjoyments of a high order. Who, for instance, but the noctambulist has ever

thoroughly and honestly enjoyed a sunrise? There is a great deal of loose sentiment and poetry abroad touching the glories of the rising sun, but can any one who has done a respectable sunrise, as it is done on the Rigi for example, lay his hand on his heart and say he enjoyed the spectacle? In the first place, he had to get up for it, and began with the bitter sense of having sacrificed a certain happiness for a prospective pleasure. In the next place, there was a pre-meditation about the affair utterly destructive to enjoyment—not to speak of the minor discomforts of being physically chilly and having to give vent to warm raptures, or else be set down as a commonplace person and dead to the Beautiful. With the noctambulist it is very different. Sunrise finds him in the full possession of all his faculties—no remnant of a hastily snatched sleep lies heavy on his eyelids like an ill-digested morsel. It steals upon him gently, courting, but not demanding, his admiration, and he sinks to rest with a mind filled with impressions of beauty which crystallize into golden dreams. After Mr. Dickens's paper on "Houselessness" in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, there is no need to expatiate on the humours and eccentricities of nocturnal travel; but there is still something to be said in its favour from the purely severe and æsthetic point of view. No one but the noctambulist is competent to give an opinion of any value on the architecture of a great city. No one can be said to have seen St. Paul's until he has seen it through the smokeless air of the early summer morning, when all its lines come out clear and sharp, and the cross above glitters in the first rays of the rising sun. Those Ruskinisms about its being ignoble, and debased, and a heathen temple, have reference only to the blurred mass that looms through the smoke at the top of Ludgate Hill at noonday.

There is one trait in the character of the noctambulist to which M. Lemer refers, and which is too creditable to noctambulism to be passed over in silence. Such is the sociability of the noctambulists and their disinclination to part company, that they frequently keep seeing one another home the whole night. He mentions a fraternity who used to meet chiefly for this purpose. "On s'était reconduit réciproquement les uns les autres; puis, on s'était venu à si bien se reconduire, que ces promenades duraient jusqu'à quatre heures du matin." M. Lemer was quite right in calling attention to a race so kindly and simple. We cannot leave him, however, without taking the liberty of putting one of his stories of noctambulism into its proper form. Two noctambulists were deep in a game of écarté when the time for taking to the streets arrived. Unable to forego their accustomed pastime, and unwilling to leave off play at an interesting point, they took the cards with them to the Boulevard and continued the game on one of the benches. The watch came round and proposed to take them into custody for gambling publicly, but agreed to let them finish the game first. By degrees they too got excited. The corporal placed himself behind one player, one of his men behind the other, and began to bet and give advice. After a little, the corporal was induced to take the hand himself, and his example was soon followed by his subordinate. On which the two original culprits slipped quietly away, leaving the guardians of the city to be found by the patrol carrying on the game, to the great scandal of the National Guard.

PEAKS, PASSES, AND GLACIERS.*

MOUNTAIN climbing has fully earned the right to rank among the established amusements of Englishmen—we may almost add of Englishwomen. Travelling during some part of the summer has become almost a necessity to many classes; and a holiday spent among the Alps has many advantages over a visit of equal length to Ireland, Wales, the Rhine, or other regions to which tourists resort. The scenery is on a grander scale, and possesses the paramount attraction of snow mountains—the most beautiful objects in nature. The air is thoroughly pure, and the change more complete from the sights and habits of home; and the Swiss are even beginning to understand English ideas of cleanliness. There is more excitement to be obtained by those who choose to seek it in the heart of the mountains; and the greater demand for physical exertion is in itself a real attraction to the exercise-loving Englishman. Last, but not least, the cost of travelling is on the whole less than in the other show districts, in spite of the greater distance from England. A franc in Switzerland will procure at least as much as a shilling in the British Isles; and living in the German Alps is cheaper still. There is little room for wonder, therefore, at the popularity of the Alps among all those classes in England to whom a short summer holiday is at once needful and attainable. One is only surprised that the charms of mountain-climbing were not sooner appreciated. But, now that the fashion has once been set, there seems to be little prospect of its speedily dying out again. Every year witnesses the production of one or two books on the subject, that serve to introduce new districts to the notice of travellers, or to record new discoveries in the old fields. Among these the publications of the Alpine Club necessarily hold the first place, both on account of the greater knowledge that can be attained by comparing the experience of many travellers, and because there are no temptations to book-making in works to which the number of possible contributors is

very large. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, of which the second series has just been published, does not profess to be more than a collection of narratives of mountain excursions. It leaves the scientific questions about the nature and phenomena of glaciers in the hands of such men as Professor Tyndall, and only touches on matters of science incidentally, except in its own proper department of geography. In that sphere it contains much information nowhere else to be found, and which, collected as it has been by the disinterested labours of individual tourists, puts to shame the laziness and inaccuracy of the Piedmontese surveyors and other paid functionaries. Even the new and admirable maps recently issued by the Federal Government, known as Dufour's, have been corrected, in not a few particulars, in the various maps engraved for this series according to the observations of the several contributors. For the first time a trustworthy chart is published of the Graian Alps, which the engineers employed under the Etat-Major Piémontais seem to have delineated according to their fancies, inserting peaks and glaciers which had no existence except in their own imaginations, and ignoring altogether one or two of the highest mountains in Italy. By a curious coincidence, Mr. Cowell, who with Mr. W. Mathews has mainly explored this region, ascended for the first time the Grand Paradis, the highest mountain in the Graian Alps, and there drank the health of His Majesty the King of Italy on the very afternoon on which Francis II. fled from Naples, and thereby gave Victor Emmanuel a fair right to that title. The thanks of the King of Italy are certainly due to the gentleman who has not only disclosed to him an unknown piece of property in the shape of a mountain 13,300 feet high, but also selected the highest spot in his dominions, and so auspicious a moment, to pay him the compliment of proposing his health.

No better test can be furnished of the rapid growth of mountaineering in public favour, and of the extent to which explorations have recently been carried, than by comparing the second series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* with its predecessor, which appeared in 1859, soon after the formation of the Alpine Club. At that time the public had heard very little of mountain travelling. Many of the easiest and most ordinary expeditions among the high Alps were as yet undescribed, and the editor was at liberty to range at his will over nearly the whole of Switzerland. The new series contains the incidents of three summers only, and by no means the whole of these—omitting, for instance, all mention of the ascent of such peaks as the Eiger and the Rimpfischhorn; and many of the contributors have plainly sought to make their narratives as short as possible; yet the second series extends to twice the length of the first. It is, perhaps, somewhat premature to speculate whether the third President of the Alpine Club will be able to follow the example of his two predecessors, and find materials for a third series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, two or three years hence; but if he confines himself to the Alps, he will certainly not find enough new matter to fill two more volumes. There is hardly a mountain in Switzerland, with the exception of the Matterhorn, that has not been scaled—hardly a couple of peaks between which a pass has not been made. If the members of the Alpine Club are obstinately bent on trying novelties, they will soon have to betake themselves to the Himalayas, or set to work to decide the controversy whether there is such a mountain as Kilimanjaro or not. There is, however, one little nut to crack in Europe, which is probably known to very few who have not braved the dirt, fleas, and bad food of Dauphiné. In that little-visited district is a peak higher than the Schreckhorn, compared to which this last-conquered and most difficult mountain appears easy, and which has the further advantage of being situated a long way from any civilized habitations. But the discomforts of Dauphiné are so great, that a traveller must be extremely eager for the distinction of achieving new feats before he would abandon the clean inns and decent food of Switzerland to go thither. The accommodation found in the Tyrol is rough, in the Graian Alps dirty; but Dauphiné combines the several miseries of all other districts with a scarcity and badness of food peculiarly its own. Nor does a perusal of the long paper on Iceland, with which this book begins, create any great desire to go there. The scenery does not seem, from the description, to be worth the greater expense and trouble that attend a tour in Iceland; and though those who have been there once are eager to go again, we cannot think that Iceland will ever become a popular playground.

It is a difficult task to estimate the literary merits of a book which is the joint production of twenty-three writers, differing in habits and modes of thought, and in the objects with which they travel, and agreeing only in a common love for mountains, and in not being experienced as authors. But peaks and passes do not admit of being described, any more than of being climbed, in very different styles; and most of the papers are written in a plain business-like manner, going straight to the point, and indulging in no needless deviations, after the fashion in which the writers would ascend a snow-slope. One may trace in many of them the studied simplicity of language which sensible men adopt, whose ordinary pursuits are not literary, and whose sole object in writing is to make plain to the comprehension of others something that they themselves know well. Others, more familiar with the use of the pen, write in a livelier style, and while they furnish all the information required by those who wish to follow in their steps, offer amusement and interest to readers who are never likely to set foot on a glacier. All alike have the good sense to avoid both fine writing and forced jocularity. The beauties of the scenery are described in simple and intelligible language, and the fun,

* A Second Series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, consisting of Excursions and Explorations by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by Edward Shirley Kennedy, M.A., F.R.G.S., President of the Club. Longmans. 1862.

where it occurs, is the spontaneous expression of the writer's real feelings and habitual way of getting over annoyances. There is no exaggeration of difficulties and dangers, no attempt to suggest to the reader any unduly high estimate of the powers requisite for such feats as are described; nor, on the other hand, is there any foolhardy depreciation of the value and necessity of customary precautions. The writers know too clearly the real nature of the dangers to be encountered, and the vital importance of taking those precautions which reduce them to a minimum, ever to talk as if the perils of the High Alps were a mere bugbear invented to rouse the wonder of people who stay at home at ease.

Readers will, of course, take up these volumes with two different objects—for information, and for amusement. Of the latter, the present series offers, perhaps, a less percentage than its predecessor. Several of the best and most amusing writers in the first series have, for various reasons, contributed nothing now. But there is no lack of entertainment for those who seek for no more, and are careless of topography. The paper of Mr. Kennedy, the President of the Club, on the ascent of the Pizzo Bernina, is one of the best of its kind that we have ever seen, and is superior to any single contribution in the first series. The writings of Messrs. Stephen and Hardy, two well-known Cambridge tutors, are always lively and amusing; and Mr. Ormsby's narrative of the ascent of the Grivola is so good that it makes one regret that he has contributed no more. Mr. Tuckett, to whom are due the copious and accurate lists of peaks and passes appended to the second volume, is perhaps the most skilful in combining amusement with instruction. His paper on the Aletschhorn furnishes complete and clear directions to any traveller who might wish to make the ascent, and is at the same time as lively as Mr. Stephen's description of his victory over the Schreckhorn. The most valuable contributions, for the accuracy and comprehensiveness of the information conveyed, are those of Mr. W. Mathews, one of the original founders of the Alpine Club, and whose scientific knowledge is quite equal to his practical experience. In his numerous papers one may see how thoroughly mountain-climbing has become a business—pursued, indeed, with the greatest eagerness, but in the systematic manner in which men work who are engaged in an important pursuit. This is, again, remarkably visible in the stress which the writers of the several papers lay on the completion of what they call the High Level route from Chamonix to Zermatt, avoiding the backneyed routes by the Valley of the Rhone, and by the Val d'Aosta. It is amusing to see how they think they have greatly shortened the journey between those two great centres of interest by substituting four hard days' work across high glacier passes for the easy circuit by the Rhone Valley. The new route is infinitely more interesting to those who are capable of traversing it, but it can hardly be said to be practically shorter.

We have already said something of the excellence of the maps inserted in these volumes, some of which are, in fact, almost new, while all have been corrected and verified by the personal observations of travellers. With the addition of two or three maps out of the first series, of districts which are not spoken of in the present work, they would form altogether a thoroughly trustworthy, and almost universal, guide to travellers throughout the High Alps. The omissions, among which the Tyrolean mountains and the western portion of the Oberland are alone important, will, we hope, be supplied, either in the third series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, or in the new guide book to the High Alps, to be issued under the sanction of the Alpine Club, which has been talked of for some time. The same unqualified praise must be bestowed also on the illustrations, which are taken partly from photographs, but mainly from the sketches of the tourists themselves. They have been engraved by a contributor to the series of narratives, who has done his work with an accuracy of effect that none but a practised mountaineer would be likely to attain.

The merits and demerits of mountain climbing, as a summer pursuit for Englishmen out on a holiday, have been often discussed, especially by writers who know nothing of the subject, and take it up merely to relieve the autumn dulness of the newspapers; and if there were nothing more to say than to answer the absurd arguments of ignorant objectors, the Alpine Club might well be left to take care of itself, with its usual success. But the publication of this large and excellent book on the subject forces it afresh on our attention, and suggests two or three reflections concerning the value and results of mountaineering, which the Club would probably endorse, but which may not all be patent to those who have no practical knowledge of the matter. It is not a pursuit suited to every one who may take a fancy to it. Unsteady heads and weak stomachs are defects as fatal as want of muscular strength. A man must not only be able to look unmoved down a precipice, or at least to fix his attention on his footing, with a deep gulf on each side of him, but he must also be able to endure occasional hard lodging, and poor or even scanty food in the wilder districts. Again, the dangers that beset travellers among the mountains are both real and frequent, though most of them are avoided by careful adherence to one or two simple precautions, of which the use of the rope is chief. The continual success of difficult adventures, and the extreme rarity of accidents, may well have rendered lookers-on—who certainly in this case do not see most of the game—foolhardy and incredulous of danger; but the best climbers would be the first to denounce the folly of rejecting any of those safeguards to which they have often trusted their lives. It would, no doubt, be possible to find the same pure air, and the same amount of exercise, at lower

elevations, and without incurring any risk whatever; but pleasure is sought as well as profit, and those who can appreciate the pleasures of the mountains will not be easily satisfied with the plains. So also there are plenty of opportunities for advancing the interests of science without scaling dangerous peaks, and yet a great deal can be, and actually is, done in the cause of science among the High Alps. Meteorology, geology, botany, the laws of light and heat, annually receive valuable illustrations from observations made in the region of perpetual snow; and though, probably, few or none climb merely for the sake of science, yet many add new pleasure to their excursions, and benefit others at the same time, by following out their favourite studies in a new field. The ascent of a mountain is undertaken for love, not of scientific observation, but of adventure, of scenery, of hard exercise; but love of science alone will induce a man to carry all day on his back a 3 ft. barometer, of which those only who have tried it can fully appreciate the weight and inconvenience. Much nonsense has been written about tempting poor peasants to risk their lives for money, as if the Swiss had never been known to take interest in their own mountains. The relations of Englishmen with their Swiss guides are really such as are likely to benefit both parties. The consequences to the Swiss nation in general of their country being made a show place are probably not unmixed good; but the case is widely different with the guides themselves. From familiar intercourse with gentlemen and foreigners they learn much of what their social equals in England are destitute; while the gentlemen, and no less those who read of their doings, learn to take a keen personal interest in men widely removed from them in nation and in social rank, and a blow is thereby dealt to the exclusiveness of class and country of which the English character is too justly accused. But the defence of mountaineering is more usually, perhaps more wisely, made to rest on the pleasure than on the profit resulting from it. Let one of the most successful and scientific of climbers speak on this point for himself and his brethren of the Alpine Club:—

A wind of such violence as almost to carry one off one's legs, driving snow, and 22° (Fahr.) of frost, are not quite the companions one would select for the examination of so vast and diversified a panorama, and the "cubilone" argument may here appear to the uninformed unanswerable. Scorners may laugh and wise men shake their heads; but, in spite of them all, I unhesitatingly maintain that there is a joy in these measurements of strength with nature in her wildest moods, a quiet sense of work done, and success won in the teeth of opposition, which, whether we owe it to our Anglo-Saxon blood, as some may hold, or whether it be only one of the modes in which the "contrariness" of human nature crops out in certain individuals, are nevertheless as genuine feelings as that which, at the witching hour of dinner, attracts unto his club the mildest, most comfortable, and least erratic old gentleman who "dwells at home at ease." Nay, could the writer of the clever article in the *Times* on mountaineers and their pursuits, which set us all laughing some time ago, be induced to enter the lists against some doughty giant of the mountain-land, I should not despair of his being won over to the climber's view of the question.

ARISTOTLE'S HISTORY OF ANIMALS.*

"I CANNOT read this work," said Cuvier, "without being ravished with astonishment. Indeed it is impossible to conceive how a single man was able to collect and to compare the multitude of particular facts implied in the numerous general rules and aphorisms contained in this work, and of which his predecessors never had any idea." Inasmuch as the works of Aristotle's predecessors in this department are no longer extant, it is difficult to see how Cuvier ascertained their ignorance. He adds:—"The *History of Animals* is not properly a zoology, that is to say, a series of descriptions of various animals; it is rather a sort of philosophic anatomy, in which the author treats of the generalities of organization presented by various animals, in which he explains their resemblances and differences founded on a comparison of their organs, and in which he lays the bases of grand classifications irreproachable in accuracy." Nor was Buffon less laudatory. He thought that Aristotle probably knew animals better "and under more general views than we do. Although moderns have added their discoveries to those of the ancients, I do not believe that we have many works on Natural History that we can place above those of Aristotle and Pliny." Other eminent naturalists might be quoted to the same effect. Spix, Burmeister, Carus, De Blainville, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Swainson, are eager to do honour to the great Stagirite—eager to claim him as the founder of their science. Nor is this all. For many centuries the *History of Animals* was regarded as the great storehouse of zoological knowledge; so that, whatever exaggeration may be suspected in the eulogies heaped upon this work by modern writers—a question we have no space here to discuss—there can be no dispute as to its eminent historical interest.

It is, indeed, in more senses than one, a stupendous work. The immense range of its glance, from sponges and sea anemones up to man, might have justified an abstinence of particular details, had such an abstinence existed; but, far from this, the work is made up of details. Every sentence expresses a fact, and often a fact embracing in its generality a vast multiplicity of observations. The works of his predecessors being no longer extant, we cannot of course assign to Aristotle the exact share he might claim as an observer. But even if we suppose his work to have been wholly a compilation—wholly indebted to the observations of others—this

* Aristotle's *History of Animals*. Translated by Richard Cresswell, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford. (Bohn's Classical Library.)

supposition, eminently improbable, would not prevent our astonishment at the vastness and minuteness of such a collection of facts, when we reflect that it was not the labour of a life, not the product of professional study, not the favourite hobby of a learned leisure, but only one among many scientific works. It takes its place beside the *De Partibus Animalium*, and the still more remarkable treatise on *Generation*—beside the *Physics*, and the work *On the Heavens*—beside the profound treatise *De Anima*, and the physiologically-psychological treatises comprised in the *Parva Naturalia*. And our astonishment deepens when we consider that even these works were not the sole, nor even the chief, titles of their author's fame. They were written by the author of the *Organon*, the *Metaphysics*, the *Ethics*, the *Politics*, the *Rhetoric*, and the *Poetics*. We naturally think more of the *Ferbenlehre* and the *Melamorphoses of Plants*, because they were written by the author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*; and we ought not to forget that the *History of Animals*, besides being a very surprising work for its epoch, was also only one of the many productions of the Stagirite. The manysidedness, both in Goethe and Aristotle, is not simply impatient volatility turning to many subjects because their minds were without the passionate patience of genius which insists on mastering one subject. It is boundless appetite and capacity for knowledge—a restless eagerness to grasp and examine all things—the ardent and organizing intellect, which will not be content with half knowledge, but must do its best to exhaust whatever it takes up—not

Lost in the gloom of uninspired research

but striving to make the whole universe intelligible.

It is probably the immense difficulty in the way of identifying the animals named by Aristotle, which has caused this work to be neglected by editors and translators. Since the edition by Julius Caesar Scaliger (1619), there has been but one tolerable edition—that of Schneider (1811), which is far from perfect. Till now there have been but three translations—one in French by Camus (1783); one in German, by Strack (1816); and one in English, by Thomas Taylor, which appears to be so grossly inaccurate as scarcely to deserve the name. In Italian and Spanish we can hear of nothing; for the work mentioned by Buhle as a Spanish translation, is a compilation from various ancient writers.

Such was the state of things when, in the April number of that valuable journal, recently started, *The Natural History Review*, appeared an article by the Rev. W. Houghton, "On the Desirability of an English Translation of Aristotle's History of Animals." Its object was "to stir up in the minds of naturalists a desire to possess an English translation," and as a specimen of what the work might be, a version of the first chapter, liberally annotated, was produced. Before another month had elapsed, Mr. Cresswell had published the volume now on our table—a complete translation executed with great care, though not accompanied with such an apparatus of notes as Mr. Houghton desires. There is indeed a good index, in which all the animals hitherto identified are registered; but for the perfection of the work a larger supply of annotations is necessary. So far as we have compared Mr. Cresswell's version, we have found it worthy of great praise. It reads easily, and is accurate, though not always severely so. By which we mean, that Mr. Cresswell does not mistake the sense of the original, although he sometimes errs in rendering it in phraseology too modern. It is not carelessness or ignorance with which he is to be charged, but an occasional mistake in tone. On reconsideration, he will doubtless admit that modern ideas, or phrases having a specially modern import, ought rigidly to be excluded from ancient works—otherwise the historical colour disappears. For instance, such words as "redblood," "annulose animals," and "muscular," carry the reader centuries away from the period of Aristotle, when *only* red blood was known, and when muscles were unsuspected. The fact that Aristotle did not know even the existence of such a structure as "muscle," is in itself historically of interest, and should not be effaced from his work. A note on the word "flesh" would have preserved the fact, and freed the passage from ambiguity. Mr. Cresswell very properly translates *τριπόν*, "tendon," and not "nerve;" and thus, in spite of the equivocations of modern language, preserves historical fidelity. Aristotle knew no more of nerves than he knew of muscles; yet even Galen was led into error by Aristotle's use of the word *τριπόν*.

In noticing these slight, and on the whole rare, blemishes, we may also remark that in the passages we have examined Mr. Cresswell once adheres to the literal meaning where the context should have suggested greater freedom, and once departs from it where the sense of the passage is thereby affected. In the first case Aristotle says that some animals resemble others not in having the same but *analogous* parts. "Thus bone is the analogue of fishbone—a nail of a claw—a hand of the crab's nipper." The word here rendered "fishbone," *ἀκανθα*, is literally "thorn," or "spine;" and, strangely enough, Dr. Whewell, in his *History of the Inductive Sciences* (1857, iii. 288), translates it "thorn" in this passage, although it makes nonsense of the original, bone not being the analogue of thorn. Mr. Cresswell renders it "spine," which is not so bad, since it is not nonsense; but it does not convey Aristotle's meaning, which has reference to the bones of fish in general, and not simply to their spines. This is clear from the context, and is confirmed by the passage in the *De Partibus* (i. 13, 644, ed. Bek.) *ολον* *τον* *ἀνθρώπων* *καὶ* *ἰχθύων* *πιπόντες* *στρούν* *πονος* *ἀκανθαν*.

The second example is the following:—"All animals receive

pain and pleasure from the contact of food. But concerning the senses of sight and hearing, it is not possible to say anything certain or very distinct; the solens, if a person touch them, appear to retract themselves, and try to escape when they see an instrument approaching them." Here the words "they see" are thrust into the passage. Aristotle says nothing of the kind. Had he done so, he could not have expressed the opening doubt as to whether these animals did or did not see. His phrase, *ὅταν* *αἰσθαντας* *τὸν* *σιδηρόν*, "when they are made sensible of the iron rod approaching them," states accurately enough all that is known, namely, that the solen is in some way or other sensible of the approaching rod, but whether this is by sight, or by any other sense, is not evident; and he expressly states that it is not evident.

In conclusion, we must pronounce Mr. Cresswell's translation a decided boon to the public, since it places within general reach a very remarkable work hitherto untranslated; while even the smaller public to whom the original is no sealed book will be grateful for its index, and be glad of this version for easy reference. Mr. Bohn has seldom deserved so well of his country in the matter of translations published by him. Could he be induced to get men equally competent to translate the other scientific works of Aristotle?

BURKERS AND BODY-SNATCHERS.*

THE main subject of this book is the horrible series of crimes which made the names of Burke and Hare memorable. By way of introduction to the darker deeds of those monsters, it describes the practices of the body-snatchers who were formerly in the pay of the Anatomical Schools of Edinburgh. The reputation of those schools had gathered to them so many pupils that Scotland groaned under the invasion of her graveyards. The country teemed with stories of the midnight adventures of those strange men who gained a living by supplying, at all hazards, the demand for subjects of dissection. Some of those adventures, however shocking was the object of them, were so ludicrous that the book which narrates them, or at least the earlier part of it, is more attractive reading than might be supposed. The book, indeed, may be compared to a tragedy preceded by a farce. The comic actors are "Merry Andrew," the "Spune," and other regular agents of the Anatomical Schools, and the tragedians are Burke, Hare, and the two women who shared either in their crimes or in the proceeds of them. It is our chief purpose to direct attention to the farce rather than to the tragedy.

In Leven, in Fife, a man had died and was buried. His widow continued to keep the small public-house, in the skirts of the town, which her husband had conducted. Six days had passed since the funeral when, late at night, two men entered the house for the purpose of refreshment. They were introduced into a room where there was one of those close beds common in Scotland, and they were left there with the drink they had ordered. By-and-bye a loud knock came to the door, and the voice of a police officer demanded whether some thieves had there taken refuge. The noise was heard by the two men, who, having some reason for being afraid of justice, got out of a window and made off. The police pursued them, but in vain. On their return, they examined the room from which the two men had fled, but found in it only an empty box. The confusion having ceased, the widow went into the room to betake herself to bed. She approached the bed for the purpose of folding it down, and "before her lay the dead body of her husband in those very grave-clothes made by her own hands, in which, six days before, he had been buried." The explanation of this mystery was that the two men belonged to the College staff of body-snatchers. One of them was taken suddenly ill, and this brought them to the public-house. Fancying that the pursuit they heard was after them, they flung the body into the close bed and ran. Why they took the body out of the sack does not appear, and we cannot help suspecting that they did so for the benefit of the story, which, except that it halts in this particular, is not a bad one. The author of the book, having got, as he says, "upon a track of such grim romance," pursues it "to show our social ameliorations." We pursue the same track for a short time, but with no higher purpose than that of amusement. Here is a story which is said to have been a favourite of the Edinburgh students about 1818. Two men named Duncan and Ferguson were in love with a girl named Wilson. Ferguson fell ill, died, and was buried. Duncan, in league with a noted snatcher called the "Screw," repaired, on the second night after the funeral, to the cemetery, with a view to lifting Ferguson's body and carrying it to Dr. Monro's room. It was late, and the moon shed more profusely than the adventurers wished her soft light over the still graves. Crouching behind a grave-stone till the moon should be hidden by a cloud, who should the adventurers see there, hanging over the grave of Ferguson, but Miss Wilson? The rival heard her sobs and her ejaculations of "dear Henry." He burned with raging jealousy, and he was avenged. Within an hour the body of Ferguson was extended on the table of the College, and on other moonlit nights Duncan watched from his hiding-place the girl who had slighted him weeping over his rival's empty grave.

Sometimes the pupils themselves engaged in the work of body-snatching. There is a story of a fight between the disciples of Barclay

* *The Court of Cœns: or, the Story of Burke and Hare.* By Alexander Leighton. Second Edition. London: Houlston & Wright.

and of Monro over the corpse of a beggar who had been buried in a little golgotha belonging to the Infirmary, and conveniently situated at the back of Barclay's school. The body was taken and retaken, and the fight was long doubtful; but, finally, the intruding Monroites were put to rout, and the Barclayans hoisted the corpse up to their windows amid shouts of victory. The hero of another story is no less a person than the celebrated Robert Liston. The scene was a village graveyard on the bank of the Forth. The object of the adventure was the body of a man who had died of a disease which stimulated Liston's curiosity. The game was bagged, and carried on Liston's shoulders to the selected place of deposit till the morning, which was the field side of a thick hedge. Liston and his companion, who were dressed as sailors, then sought rest and shelter at a wayside inn. Here they were making themselves comfortable by the kitchen fire, flirting with Mary and getting a little something warm to drink, when they were disturbed by a shout outside of "Ship ahoy!" The make-believe sailors felt that an interview with a real sailor would not be pleasant. However, there was no help for it. Mary exclaimed, "That's my brother Bill," and ran to open the door. "What was the horror of Liston and his friend when they saw a round good-humoured sailor staggering under the weight of that identical bag and its contents which they had placed behind the hedge only a very short time before?" The sailor threw his load on the kitchen floor with something between a squash and a thump, exclaiming, "There; and if it ain't something good, rot them chaps there who stole it." "What is it?" said Mary. "And why should I know? Ask them. Didn't they put the bulk behind a hedge when I was lying there, trying to wear about upon t'other tack? What ho! Where did you heave from? But first let's see what's the cargo." Bill's knife cut the cord which bound the neck of the bag, and he exposed the grey head of a man. The girl screamed, and ran out of the room. Bill, with a shout of terror, followed her. The field was thus left clear, and not a moment was to be lost. Instantly the burden was again on the back of Liston, and, without paying for their drink, the adventurers made off towards the beach.

Ready money, and no questions asked, was the system pursued in buying subjects for the Anatomical Schools of Edinburgh. Such a system not only stimulated the body-snatchers to despoil or to forestall the grave, but it ultimately suggested that more atrocious method of supplying "the thing," as it was called, to the dissecting rooms, which has been styled, after its infamous inventor, "burking." But before the curtain rises upon our tragedy, let us have one more scene of farce, by way of example of how the body-snatchers sometimes endeavoured to save the sexton the useless trouble of interment. "Merry Andrew" and the "Spune" had bargained with a nurse for the body of her patient. The money had been paid down, and the bag was ready to receive the purchased article, when a knock was heard at the door, and a stranger entered, who stated that he was nephew to the deceased, and had come to pay her the last duties of affection. Away ran the body-snatchers, and the stranger after them in hot pursuit, which he sustained far enough to terrify, but not to capture them. Meanwhile, the nurse quietly pocketed the money which had been left upon the table. This story went round the Hall afterwards, with the addition that the pretended nephew of the deceased was a student in a well-contrived disguise.

William Burke, who gave his name to a new species of crime, was an Irishman. His associate in guilt, William Hare, also an Irishman, was the keeper of a low lodging-house in Edinburgh, called Log's lodgings, and Burke was a lodger in it. The first step in their dark and downward path was the sale of the body of a pensioner who had died in the lodging-house owing money to its landlord. Burke was a soft-spoken, obliging, and rather popular, but inwardly cruel man. In the earlier part of his life he had been, at least externally, a devout Catholic. Not without many mental conflicts, he had disregarded priestly admonition, and had quitted his wife for a paramour, Helen M'Dougal, whose name is execrated along with his. It is a good example of the man's character and manner that he once beat this woman until the police interfered and found her extended apparently lifeless on the floor. In answer to a question of the police, Burke said, in a mild and almost insinuating tone, "Yes, gentlemen, she is my wife." Hare was a drunkard, and liquor made him quarrelsome. On failure of an opponent out of doors, he had no difficulty, so long as his wife, or she who passed as such, was at home, in finding one within. Burke, who had not been originally fond of drink, was now poor and miserable, and sunk in sloth and inebriety. The pair conceived the hope of further gain by the sale of the bodies of other lodgers who might die, like the pensioner, in the lodging-house. But this hope remaining for a tedious time unrealized; and the pair, wanting money to gratify the tastes which had been stimulated by their first success, determined to expel life by suffocation from victims whom they should have made drunk and senseless, and thus to supply commodities for their trade with Surgeons' Square. In December, 1827, this method was for the first time applied to an elderly woman whom Hare met half-tipsy in the street and invited into Log's lodgings, where she was plied with drink by Hare, Burke, and their concubines, until she became unconscious. Then Hare laid hold of the victim's mouth and nostrils, and Burke, throwing himself on the body to repress struggles and keep down the ribs, maintained his position till the last sob escaped from the oppressed lungs. In the evening the body was conveyed to Surgeons' Square, and 10*l.* was paid for it.

The invention called, from one of its authors, "burking," had been practised with growing boldness and success for nearly a year before strong suspicion was excited by the disappearance of at least sixteen or twenty frequenters of the streets of Edinburgh. All these victims of Burke and Hare were bought readily for dissection, without either the state of the bodies or any circumstance of the traffic arousing the suspicion—or perhaps we ought to say the action—of the ardent lecturers and students in anatomy. When at length the law officers took the matter up, there was found to be a defect of evidence which could only be supplied by admitting Hare and his wife as witnesses for the Crown on the usual promise of immunity. Burke and Helen M'Dougal were tried, and the man was found guilty and hanged, the woman being acquitted. Hare was hunted out of Edinburgh and over the border, and is said to have been last seen sitting, exhausted with fatigue, on a heap of stones outside Carlisle. One of his pursuers was heard crying to him as he fled, "Whaur are ye gaun, mon? Or whaur can ye gang to? Hell's ower gude for ye. The very deevils, for fear o' mischief, wadna daur to let ye in; and as for heaven, that's entirely oot o' the question." The trial of Burke took place in December, 1828. Readers who were children at that time may perhaps remember how they felt a fear which they did not understand when they heard the name of Burke mentioned. The history of the atrocious career of Burke and Hare, and of that strange unscrupulousness of the Anatomical Schools which tempted those miscreants to expel the soul in order to turn the body into merchandise, well deserves attentive study. We could wish that, in the book before us, that history had not been involved in a web of philosophical fine writing, from which it has been a work of patience to disentangle it. Where shall we find a writer who, having a tale to tell, will tell it plainly?

STOUGHTON'S WINDSOR CASTLE AND TOWN.*

THE appearance of Mr. Stoughton's book reminds us how good a subject for an historical and architectural monograph is afforded by the royal Castle of Windsor. We wish we could say that this writer, who seems to be a new candidate for literary fame, was equal to the task which he has undertaken. We gather from internal evidence that he is a resident in the town, and we presume that he ministers to a Nonconformist congregation. He may be credited with the best intentions, and with a painstaking love of his subject; but he seems to us to have no other fitness for the task.

This volume, which is prettily enough got up—except that we might take exception to the principle of graining the cloth-cover to look like oak, and to the vulgarity of the impression of the royal arms on the side—is divided into two parts, respectively historical and descriptive. The author begins, of course, with the Roman times, mentioning the notion that the *Pontes* of the Itinerary of Antonine was at Old Windsor, only to refute it in favour of Staines. Thence he proceeds to quote the usual guide-book passages about the residence of various kings at Windsor from the Conqueror downwards. But we observe no indication of original research, or of the collation of ancient authorities. Without a ground plan, moreover, it is almost impossible for any one who does not know Windsor Castle very well to form any intelligible idea of the history of the structure. It is not much more easy to give a verbal description of an irregular mediæval fortress than of a fine landscape; but Mr. Stoughton, to do him justice, does not fail herein, for the excellent reason that he does not even attempt it. Nothing can well be imagined more worthless than his slipshod account of the additions made by Henry III. to the Castle. In fact, he is as guiltless of architectural knowledge as he is of Latin. The Liberale Rolls are referred to generally as "existing records;" and, for all that appears, the writer has never mastered the excellent treatises by the late Mr. Hudson Turner and Mr. Parker on English Domestic Architecture. Still less does he seem to know anything of M. Viollet le Duc's researches. The following passage is worthy of the writer who reviewed Mr. Wright's recent volume in the *Times*, and who arrived at the intelligent conclusion "what beasts those ancients were":—

Nor could royalty itself, [says Mr. Stoughton, speaking of the reign of Henry III.] in those days boast of any other magnificence than such as in our eyes seems most rude and comfortless. The apartments, the banquets, the festivities, the costumes, were all of this description, and the manners of society were of a corresponding character. One can picture the Norman stronghold on the brow of Windsor Hill, its towers and fortifications, its gloomy halls with their oaken rafters, and its large straggling chambers, with narrow loopholes fitted rather to exclude than to admit the light of heaven. We can also fancy that we can see the mail-clad lords doing homage to their feudal sovereign, or unbending from the toils of the field amidst the boisterous merriment of the royal feast. The forms of England's queens, and the ladies of the court, pace along the battlements or wander in the gardens of the Castle. Nor can we forget that violence and war often broke in upon scenes which just before were quiet and joyous.

Let us extract another absurd passage, in which the writer pays his needless compliment to the powers that be, in the language and spirit of the Court newsman. He is speaking of the baptism of Edward III.:—

The English nobles, always averse to foreign appellations, insisted that the princely boy should be baptized by none other than the name of Edward. Rude, no doubt, was the splendour of the ceremonial, as high-born dames,

* *Windsor; a History and Description of the Castle and Town.* By the Rev. John Stoughton. London: Ward & Co. 1862.

"had a year of at burgh. or distance to say. was by in the were being for the with prisers mon? very as for Burke men at they men- Hare, schools turn We been and s. good is and say name, from sume y be ve of the at we both on pec- use, es of side- dor on of with- one more stress, tice, even than to edge y as ever runt less es. Mr. the on of as in uets, rs of man, its with even. to the tems, the stroke says age ism that ard. ne. By

noble knights, and mitred priests, gathered round the font; far different from that display of beauty and grandeur which, after the lapse of more than five long centuries, graced the baptism of a regal descendant, who had given him, in addition to the name of Albert, that of Edward, in the spirit of the old nobles at the first Windsor christening.

And yet Mr. Stoughton ventures to laugh at Ashmole, "whose veneration," he says, "for all that pertains to royalty and knighthood is most amusing." The chief thing which strikes our author in the work of William of Wykeham at Windsor Castle for Edward III. is, that the labourers were collected by impressment. Upon this he dilates in the most tedious manner, concluding that "there had been no necessity to impress workmen, had they been properly paid by their royal master." In the very same page, he shows that the statutable wages of the various classes of labourers in that reign were as follows:—for master carpenters, threepence a-day; for journeymen, twopence; for master masons, fourpence, and for their journeymen, threepence. And he continues, with diverting inconsistency, "These, it must be confessed, were high wages, as threepence a-day then was equal to five shillings now; and the fact places the labourer of the fourteenth century, with regard to the means of livelihood, in enviable comparison with his descendants in the nineteenth."

It is needless to observe that no one is competent to give an architectural description of Windsor Castle who cannot understand the original accounts of the works under Edward III., preserved in the Record Office. Mr. Stoughton makes one or two references to these rolls at second-hand, and, unhappily in one place, from lack of Latin, fathers upon honest Adam de Hertingdon, the artist who painted the Round Tower externally, the excruciating sentence, "unus turris vocala Rose." The old painter had sent in his bill "pro pictura cuiusdam turris vocala Rose;" but genders and abbreviations are unfathomable mysteries to this new historian of Windsor. Nothing could be more inaccurate than the whole of the architectural description in this volume. Of course all the drains and cloaues of the old Castle become, in this writer's eyes, sally-ports and subterranean passages.

The next chapter deals episodically with the history of the Order of the Garter, the whole of its matter being diluted from the compilations of Ashmole and Beltz. Then the account of the Castle is resumed—the dreary pages being enlivened here and there by quotations from Froissart, and from Washington Irving's paper on the imprisonment of James I. of Scotland. Mr. Stoughton informs us that so often as this story is read "a rainbow hue of love and sadness will shine on the reader's soul." It is not in the least worth while to follow the author in his historical sketch. Fortunately for himself, he is not troubled about his own inconsistencies. He combines a sneaking fondness for the tedious details of mediæval ceremonies and pageants with a Nonconformist's sneers at their superstition; and he is not concerned to reconcile with his traditional anti-monarchical politics an almost obtrusive servility to the royalty of our own day. He never speaks of Windsor Castle as it is without inflated panegyric. He cannot even mention the bakehouse of the time of Elizabeth without the exclamation—"What a change in all such matters since then! How would the ancient cooks have been astonished and entertained at the sight of the present magnificent kitchen in the Castle, and all the various conveniences for culinary preparations." The "loyal demonstrations" of modern Windsor fill him with sympathetic joy, and he speaks rapturously in one place of the "Queen's tradesmen illuminating their houses, erecting triumphal arches covered with dahlias, and giving dinners in the Long Walk, with the appurtenances of balloons and crowds of Eton boys running beside the royal carriages." Interspersed with such remarks as this, Mr. Stoughton's pointless and insipid narrative brings down the history of the Castle until Sir Jeffry Wyatville's rebuilding it under George IV. No intelligible account is given of any single epoch, or of any detail of the building. Those who know the place already may perhaps find it convenient to have arranged for them, in chronological order, a series of entertaining extracts concerning the Castle and its successive inmates. Not, however, that these are original, or even intelligently selected. But still they are amusing and suggestive; and this is the highest praise that we can bestow upon this volume.

A second Part professes to give the history of the Town. Here we find a solitary piece of new antiquarian information in the statement that the seal of the corporation has been proved by the authorities of the British Museum to be the original one of the time of Edward III., whose effigy, with that of his Queen Philippa, it bears. The Protestant "martyrs," who suffered at Windsor in the reign of Henry VIII., are honoured by a separate chapter. They are headed by Testwood, one of Foxe's heroes, the intemperate singing-man, who began by breaking off the nose of the image of the Virgin with his key, and then proceeded to acts of violence and contumacy utterly inconsistent with his place and duty, which deserved, not indeed condemnation to the stake, but summary ejectment from his office. "That spot where the martyrs fell," says our author, "is holy ground, and strange it is that, in all the histories of Windsor—among all the splendid associations of royalty and chivalry, and love and poetry, which its name calls forth—no allusion, until very recently, as far as we remember, should be made to those men who, though humble in their day, are now, we doubt not, saints in heaven, with crowns more radiant than the princely owners of that Castle ever wore." Queen Elizabeth, by virtue of her Protestantism, is a special favourite with Mr. Stoughton. He even condescends

to call her, with playful felicity and familiarity, "proud Bessy." It is well for him that she never heard him. In this part of his book the demon of fine writing has carried away our author bodily. The mention of Herne's Oak so transports him that his heart, we are sure, must "beat Shakspearinly." Here is a passage worthy of Halliwell or Fullom themselves:—

Crowds go to Stratford, pilgrims of all lands and ages; and they go to see—what? A little low-ceiled room, with four whitewashed walls, and an old piece of wainscot—that is all!—but Shakspeare was born there! In that humble garret-looking place did one of the greatest minds that the Divine Being ever sent into the world first look through *its* (1) infant eyes upon a mother's smile and tears; there lay that winged genius in its callow down, nestling at its parents' bosom—destined to sweep through the regions of thought with an eagle's pinion. . . . Genius has a kingship of its own. It needs no mantle, orb, or sceptre; it is its own regalia; and before its inherent majesty crowned heads have done and are doing homage, as the walls of that house at Stratford, written over with the names of princes, even now bear witness.

A foot-note assures us that "his Majesty the King of Prussia," when he was at Windsor, plucked a leaf from the ivy which clothes Herne's Oak, in order to keep it as a relic. As to the controversy whether or no the real Herne's Oak was cut down by George III., Mr. Stoughton contents himself with adducing the chief arguments on each side, without pronouncing a verdict. The municipal authorities of Windsor, being less than royal, do not meet much mercy in these pages. They are even accused of "tippling" in the last century, and many of their follies are recorded. The following bombastic inscription, by no less a man than Sir Christopher Wren, who was member for the borough, is new to us. He set up a statue of Prince George of Denmark, with this legend:—

Serenissimo Principi Georgio Principi Danie Heroi omni seculo venerando Christopherus Wren Arm. posuit MDCCXIII.

So it is misprinted in the volume before us; but we are very sure that that famous scholar and architect knew how to spell his own Christian name in Latin.

Finally, Mr. Stoughton abandons himself to a high-flown "descriptive" account of the Royal Precincts. Here, having been lucky enough to visit the Neckar, he compares Windsor to Heidelberg—not, indeed, being able to make out any resemblance between them, but finding "poor Elizabeth of Bohemia" a "connecting historical link between the two edifices." This is followed by copious extracts—much more instructive than his own attempts—from the *Authorized Guide to the State Apartments*. It is impossible to do otherwise than warn visitors to Windsor against this useless volume. Mr. Stoughton has spoilt a good subject. As a guide-book on the spot, and as a book of reference afterwards, *Murray's Handbook to Berkshire* is worth this pretentious volume ten times over.

PALGRAVE OF SYCAMORA.*

IT is a great question how far the author of a novel may transcend the sphere of probability. If, within that sphere, material of interest were simply impossible, no limit would be set to his wandering license; he might be as extravagant as he pleased, supposing always that by his introduction of the improbable he contrived to be amusing. There have been laid down, however, at different times two axioms regulating the use of the improbable, which are only unfortunate in that they seem to contradict one another. We are told on high authority, and are shown by example which is higher than any authority, that materials of interest are not only possible, but may even be obtained in any quantity without stirring a step beyond the line which separates probability from improbability. And we are told on equally high authority that there is so much of what is strange and unexpected to be found in life that, to speak deliberately, the most fantastic imagination cannot introduce into a given work of fiction matter which may fairly be rejected on the ground of its improbability. It is thus that extremes are said to meet. That which is antecedently improbable becomes as good as what is probable. That which might naturally be expected and looked for beforehand is strange and unnatural when we meet it, simply because it was to be looked for. This must make novel-writing either very easy or very difficult. If everything is to be relatively probable, the recipe for writing an alluring novel is merely to adopt the device of Fuseli the painter, and to regulate the postprandial meal in such a manner as to secure an unbounded liveliness of imagination during slumber. On the other hand, if everything is to be absolutely improbable, with what *pabulum* may the novel-reading mind be harmlessly gratified? The unfortunate author seems likely only to enjoy the luxury of selecting which horn of the dilemma he would prefer to be impaled by. Modern license, however, and the fatal facility of the reader of novels, have settled on the whole that improbabilities may be condoned, or at least be punished with only a slight expression of rebuke, if extenuating circumstances can be fairly pleaded. Improbabilities, we are told, have a right of entry if there is a good excuse for their appearance. If they are introduced, they must be well-dressed gentlemen improbabilities with nothing glaring or *outré* about them. It was on this latter canon that the old poet founded his assumption that the introduction of a personage whose body presented a pleasing *colluvies* of characteristics derived respectively from the horse, the bird, the fish, the man, and the woman, would elicit a burst of amusement from the spec-

tators which would neither compliment nor please the exhibitor. A Centaur perhaps defines the limit to which the imagination of an author may be permitted to range.

We should be glad to think that the hero of this novel was only a Centaur. If he merely differs from the average of humanity in respect of having a horse's body adapted to his human head, the difference is insufficient to justify us in excluding him from society. His form and figure will not perhaps be qualified to ensure his reception in very exclusive drawing-rooms, but there are nooks and corners and even broad areas of society where, in the company of his fellows, he may easily be at home. There are so many Centaurs nowadays that one more or less will hardly make a difference. And, meanwhile, it is always possible that, for a Centaur, he may be well and even elegantly formed. His head may be aristocratic, his neck that of Apollo, the lower part of his body a model for a study by Madle. Bonheur. But for this to be satisfactory it is indispensable that he should only be a Centaur—he must not in any other respects illustrate Mr. Darwin's theory of the intercommunity of species. The fear, however, continues to haunt us that the hero is, in this case, some other animal. He is so very remarkable in his character, and so improbable in his actions, that we can hardly find room for him in our visiting list. Our definition of a Centaur is so broad and elastic, our conception of Centaurism so expansive, that it would take much to make us refuse admittance to any creature that bears a decent resemblance to the class. We should be sincerely gratified if the gifted author could prove to us that *Palgrave of Sycamore* was only a harmless Centaur. But facts, if they are fallacious, are also stubborn. After we have accounted for one or two improbabilities by the human head, and for several more by the equine body, there is still an ominous residuum of incredible matter to be accounted for. In what manner is this to be explained? Only, we fear, by the fins borrowed from a fish and the feathers borrowed from a bird. But if a *soi-disant* Centaur is to come prancing before the public, exhibiting the characteristics of a fish and of a bird in addition to those of a man and a horse, he is clearly not a Centaur. Either he is not fit for society, or society is not fit for him. At the least, he must emigrate from our islands, which are so intolerant of these abnormal productions of nature. Let him retire to America, where his birth may render him popular, or to Germany, for which his disposition, studies, and tastes in general seem eminently to qualify him.

We are curious to know whether the anonymous author of this story commenced his pleasing labours on a Friday. If we were to characterise him by a single epithet, we should describe him as an unlucky author. He has talents, he has powers of description, he writes uninspiring English, he is *à la mode* in his theories of male and female beauty, he only complicates his metaphors twice in the whole three volumes, but he is unlucky. It is clear that he commenced his *voyage on a Friday*. He must have disregarded the occurrence of a few unfavourable omens, and neglected to profit by one or two symptoms of ugly weather. Either he omitted to take the advice of his sensible friends, or the latter reserved their opinions until the discerning public had been consulted. The ill-luck of the author shows itself chiefly in the conception of the story. The execution, as we have hinted, is on the whole creditable, but the antecedent views are unsound. If he will show a little more regard for system on the next occasion, and above all if he will defer the beginning of his *voyage* till a Saturday, there is much reason to expect success. *Palgrave of Sycamore* unites the advantages of American birth and German education. He is a slave-owner and proprietor on a large scale, but has apparently abandoned his plantations to the care of an overseer, while he assumes the dress and leads the life of a German student. The difficulties of combining the characteristics of the two nations shows itself at once. In spite of his birth and early nurture in America, in spite of the author laboriously insisting from time to time that his hero possesses the usual politics and habits of his countrymen, *Palgrave* is not an American at heart, but a German. He is German, not only in his pursuits, but in his modes of thought. His abstracted dreamy tendencies, his Platonic relations to the young ladies with whom he comes in contact, his Quixotic devotion to the one great object of his youth, are not symptoms of the American. If he left his native country so early as to account for all these on the theory of his being acclimated to his new soil, then the expressions he makes use of and the sentiments he is made to utter are unnatural. The result is that he is neither one thing nor the other. The things he does are German, the thoughts he thinks are American; and this takes place without the author seeming at all aware of any incongruity. His very name even is suggestive of misconceptions. "*Palgrave*" is so akin to "*Pfalzgraf*," that in fact our hero enjoys that *sobriquet* throughout the story. We are told at the conclusion that he was somehow descended from a real prince of that title, and it is possible that the author may have intended thus to account by implication for his German tendencies; but it is more probable from internal evidence that the disclosure is merely accidental and is irrelevant to the facts of the story. During the wandering life of a German student, *Palgrave* meets not only one lady of rank in a forest, but even two. Falling readily in love with the younger of these he remains pretty constant through one half of the novel, while the titled lady herself, in spite of enjoying but few opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance, retains a hopeless affection for him to the last. Meanwhile, he discovers the other lady, a Princess Hermine, to be insane, and, devoting himself as an ama-

teur to the restoration of her intellect, is so fortunate as to be entirely successful. As he effects this recovery by the somewhat unusual method of invariably directing the conversation to the exact topic on which her mind is unsound, the physician of the asylum must be excused for objecting with some pertinacity to his interference. This method of treating the insane, however, not only proves fortunate in restoring the Princess in question, but is efficacious also in supplying *Palgrave* himself with a motive for exertion, and ultimately with a wife. It appears that the Princess had lost a little girl a year or two before, and it is on the subject of this loss that her mind is for the time deranged. The governess under whose care the child disappeared was of opinion that she had fallen down a neighbouring well, but the Princess prefers the theory that her infant has been torn from her by some unknown enemy. The relations of the lady seem to have adopted the views of the governess without apparently going through the form of examining the well in question, and under these circumstances the Princess was perhaps justified in going mad. There seems less excuse for her becoming sane again, except on the plea that she had fulfilled the object of her insanity by interesting *Palgrave* in her child's restoration. The remainder of the story is devoted to the fortunes of his search. He is successful in preparing many surprises for the reader by his determined efforts and their want of fortune, but he is throughout eminently German, and the reverse of American. During the first two volumes, he succeeds in finding all sorts of people of various ages, but no one of them turns out to be precisely the young lady of whom he is in search. The sagacious reader, however, is not likely to be uneasy at the delay, for these things are known to be merely questions of time. As soon as only a certain number of pages remain to be finished, the beauteous *Perdita* comes to hand and is presently married by the hero. Nor is her long absence unnatural, for the author explains in simple language that after all *Perdita* had only been borrowed for a time by an adjoining Baron for the ordinary purposes of becoming "*a Dove*" and smoothing his road towards the philosopher's stone. The Baron dying when his time is up, the young lady is happily rescued with only the trifling disadvantage of a tendency to derangement, the result of a continued absence of fresh air and a too unvaried diet of bread and water. *Palgrave*, however, once more interferes with the encroachments of insanity, and certainly deserves the success which he is perhaps somewhat slow in commanding. Under these circumstances, the author is justified in finally dismissing the happy pair to enjoy in each other's society those delights which the ownership of American property is probably capable of yielding. Whether Mr. *Palgrave's* habits of thought and action were such as to make him appreciated and generally popular among his brother-planter, the author omits to state.

There are many episodical adventures in the course of these volumes, and some fairly-drawn characters. Indeed, the author seems to have been happier where he has only sketched the outlines than where he has taken trouble with the details. The plot generally is too improbable to be tolerated, at least unless Germany and German society are altogether misunderstood on this side of the Channel. But in the smaller points, as also in his command of language, he is deserving of praise. If he is occasionally a little careless and slipshod in his grammar, this in a novel whose hero is American and has been bred on a slave plantation may perhaps be defended on a theory. On the whole, the book is promising of better things in future if the writer will only take pains. It is something to produce a book in three volumes which is really readable. It is something also to survive the disapprobation natural to the impartial novel-reading mind on finding the privileges of the pure Centaur invaded. The author, however, owes an apology to some of his readers for putting such an illiberal remark as the following even into the mouth of a German student:—

Oh! she will turn out one of Albion's fair daughters, scattered, all drawing, all water colouring away, over the known world, easily distinguished by the green or blue veil, parasol ditto, often the worse for the journey. I do not remember when I last saw an English lady visit these ruins with an entire parasol.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

DR. STAHL left upon his death directions for the publication of seventeen of his *Parliamentary speeches*,* and in conformity with that desire the collection has just appeared in Berlin. They are interesting at this moment, when a political crisis has slightly unveiled to the English public the mysteries of Prussian politics. Stahl was what would be called, according to the standard of the Continent, a moderate Conservative; though in England, where differences of opinion are compressed within much narrower limits, it would be difficult to find a representative of all his opinions. He resisted the democracy in 1849; but in recompence he resisted the reaction in 1852. He was in favour of entails, but against feudal rights—in favour of representative assemblies, but opposed to responsible government—a strong Protestant, but opposed to the facilitation of divorce. In foreign politics, he was a keen adversary of the nationalities, a disbeliever in Schleswig-Holstein, Italy, and Poland, and a strong opponent of the Western Powers in the Crimean War, upon the ground of the protection they were giving to the Mahometans. The speeches are clear and

* *Siebzehn Parlamentarische Reden und drei Vorträge von Stahl.* Berlin: Herz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

effective, but hardly of such striking merit as to justify their separate publication; yet they give an Englishman a good idea of the best that can be said, in the most moderate language, and from the most moderate stand-point, for the reactionary party which has just suffered so signal a discomfiture. The most remarkable feature to a foreign critic is that they read much more as if they had been delivered in some very well-supported debating society than in an assembly charged with practical work. They are perpetual essays upon first principles. Nothing seems to be taken for granted in them. There is no common agreement between opponents as to great political axioms, and consequently there appears to be no leisure for the examination of smaller details. They savour of disputations upon a thesis, not of debates upon a measure. In one sense, they are far grander and more readable than a Parliamentary speech in England; for they deal entirely with questions which it requires no familiarity with public business to understand. But they have no value whatever for the purpose of instruction, and are only important as an agreeable record of the opinions of a man who enjoyed a certain amount of prominence in his time. Perhaps to an English reader they will be more interesting than to a native, from the constant references to England and discussions of English institutions they contain. Dr. Stahl was a close student of English history, and apparently an admirer of England; and he taxed his ingenuity with considerable success to discover reasons for recommending his countrymen not to follow the example of England too closely.

Dr. Stichling has made a contribution to the history of Federal Constitutions in the shape of a pamphlet* upon Federal tribunals. It consists merely of a brief investigation into the tribunals which existed for the Greek, and still exist for the Swiss and North American Federations; and it glances at Maximilian's Imperial Chamber, and at the various abortive attempts that have been made to provide a substitute for it, since the fall of the German Empire. The pamphlet is chiefly interesting as one among many indications of the steady growth in Germany of a desire for more genuinely Federal institutions.

The appearance of a new magazine, *The German Spectator* †, may be taken as another symptom of the same tendency, though its policy is directly opposed to that of the National Union. Its object is to resist the idea, which appears, by the proceedings of the late elections, to be spreading rapidly in Prussia, to the effect that it is Prussia's mission to "Cavourise" Germany. The new periodical insists, with considerable ability, that Germany's political weakness is owing to internal dissensions; and that, so long as an agitation is kept up for the purpose of procuring that one German State shall swallow up all the rest, those dissensions will continue. To judge from the speeches that have been made in the electoral assemblies, one would imagine that it only depended on the will of Prussia whether the Royal Family should or should not assume the government of the sixteen million Germans who are not Prussians. The *Spectator* assumes, in point of fact, the advocacy of "States Rights" in the Federal controversy which is drawing to a head in Germany. The Professors who, unfortunately, are far too strongly represented in the present movement, have had their heads turned by the example of Italy, and think that nothing will be easier than to set up a centralised German Empire, with a single Legislature, and the Prussian dynasty at its head. The writers before us labour, on the other side, to establish that it is only by disarming the fears of those who dread an invasion of their rights, that any real improvement in the Confederation can be effected.

Dr. Stähelin's *Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament* ‡ is a valuable collection of the very various critical opinions which have been passed upon those books in Germany in recent times. The Professor displays great research in his criticisms, and is not fettered by any undue regard for the current opinions of religious men touching the subject-matter of which he treats. But still, considering that he is a German Professor, he may almost be called orthodox. He is willing to allow a certain historical value to the records of the Old Testament, and has some theory of inspiration which is wholly independent of the necessity either of authenticity or genuineness in the writings so inspired. He likewise believes in Christianity, generally. In consideration of these merits he must be excused for holding doctrines of a more advanced character upon minor questions—such, for instance, as his theory that the Song of Solomon is the record of an unsuccessful attempt on the part of that monarch to seduce a village maiden. For those who are bold enough to study any German exegesis except Hengstenberg's, the book before us is a mild and innocent specimen.

Dr. Bertheau's *Exegetical Handbook of the Old Testament* § is a more colourless performance. It is only what its name professes it to be—a Handbook. It is a brief running commentary upon the text, compiled apparently as a cram-book for school or University purposes.

* *Das Bundesgericht. Eine historische Betrachtung.* Von Dr. Gottfried Theodor Stichling. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Der deutsche Zuschauer.* I. Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Spezielle Einleitung in die kanonischen Bücher des Alten Testaments.* Von J. J. Stähelin, Doctor Theologiae und Professor in Basel. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

§ *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testiment.* Von Dr. Ernst Bertheau. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

Dr. Steinmeyer has published a volume* of occasional sermons preached before the University of Berlin. They appear fully to justify the text with which he prefaces them:—"We speak not the wisdom of this world."

The *Journey to Iceland* which has been published by Messrs. Preyer and Zirkel † is one of the best contributions to the literature of Icelandic travels that have been made in recent years. Since the time when that island began to attract so much attention from European men of learning, it has been visited by two sets of explorers, each of whom have found it a fertile field for investigation—the antiquarians, and the natural philosophers. The authors before us belong to the latter class. They do not concern themselves with the collection of Icelandic sagas, or with the records of national migrations which are to be elicited from them. They are simply scientific explorers of the country itself, who went to study the volcanic and glacial phenomena which it presents in such rare abundance and in such strange proximity. Their peculiar merit is that they have gone farther into the untrdden country than any other explorers who have had the apparatus of modern scientific observers at their command. Icelandic exploration is free from the dangers which attend discovery in other parts of the world; but it has difficulties of its own. An unlimited power of sleeping under canvas with the thermometer below zero, and of going without food under similar circumstances, appear to be indispensable conditions of success. The volume closes with some scientific appendices upon the geology and ornithology of the island.

The case of the *Trent*, which has disappeared so rapidly into the distance of history, has now fairly taken its place as a leading case in International Law. As such, it is made the subject of an Academic Lecture ‡, by Dr. Marquardsen, the Law Professor at Erlangen. The Lecture has been made the foundation of an Essay, in which the history of the transaction is recounted at length, and the various points raised are discussed. The Professor takes the view, almost universally taken upon the Continent, that England was right upon every point. But he goes still further in favour of England than many of our temporary backers in Europe have done; for he refuses to make the present case a text for denouncing the former sins of perfidious Albion, and he even draws a strong line of distinction between the act of Captain Wilkes and the ambiguous proceedings on the part of the English Admiralty which produced the war of 1812. He accepts, without reserve, the law as laid down in Lord Russell's closing despatch. He desires, as many Continental writers have done, that the occasion should not be lost for revising the Law of Nations, by the declaration of some Congress, in those points in which it has been proved to be weak and ill-defined. His demands, however, are very moderate compared to some that have been made. He treats as a chimera the supposition that the power of seizing hostile property upon the seas can ever be surrendered by maritime nations—still more the idea that the conveyance of contraband in neutral vessels can be permitted. What he desires is, in the first place, a more definite enumeration of the articles which constitute contraband of war; though he himself confesses the difficulty that must arise in attempting to decide by a general rule the character which may, in any individual case, attach either to food or to the raw material of ships and artillery. His second demand is that the character of contraband shall in no case attach to persons, be they civil or military, if they are upon a neutral vessel, whatever their destination, unless the ship has been distinctly hired out to the hostile Government for the purposes of transport. The third demand is for a special protection to be given to mail-boats, whose peculiar character—the creation of the last few years of peace—is strange to the decisions of the great international jurists of the great War. The amount of protection to be given he does not very clearly define; but he appears to wish that a general sanction should be given to the practice which the French adopted in blockading Vera Cruz in 1838, of allowing free and undisturbed ingress and egress to a blockaded port on the part of neutral mail-packets. The book is remarkable for many merits, but for none so much as for the kindly judgment of English policy, which is very rare among Continental thinkers.

Baron Alfred de Wolzogen has published a portion of the diaries and correspondence of the painter and architect, Schinkel. § It is now twenty years since his death; but this is the first selection of the papers that he left behind that has been given to the public. The two volumes now published consist exclusively of his own writings; for M. de Wolzogen, with a conscientiousness unhappily rare among literary executors in Germany, has not thought himself at liberty to print correspondence which might either wound or annoy persons who are yet living. What is published exclusively concerns art, and is designed to pourtray what the editor designates as the "inner development" of Schinkel. It consists of narratives, as detailed in his own diaries and letters, of

* *Fest und Gelegenheits-Reden, aus dem akademischen Götterdienste in Berlin.* Von Dr. F. L. Steinmeyer. Berlin: Wiegandt. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Reise nach Island im Sommer 1860.* Von W. Preyer and Dr. F. Zirkel Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Thimm. 1862.

‡ *Der Trent-Fall. Zur Lehre von der Kriegs-contrabande und dem Trans-portrecht des Neutralen.* Von Dr. H. Marquardsen. Erlangen: Enke. London: Trübner, Williams & Norgate. 1862.

§ *Aus Schinkel's Nachlass.* Von Alfred Fröhlich von Wolzogen. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

[May 17, 1862.]

the impressions produced upon his mind by the beauty, both in nature and art, which he saw and studied in the "Art-journeys" which he took in the course of his life to Italy, France, and England. France and England, of course, occupy but a secondary share of reflections of this kind. Almost the whole of his meditations and his word-paintings are devoted to Italy. It is unfortunate for England that his visits were not longer, as he was easily pleased, and praised everything he saw. He appears to have seen nothing but beauty in London — nothing but comfort in English cottages — to have been much struck with the Lord Mayor's grandeur — to have admired the Pavilion at Brighton as wonderful — and to have been delighted with his lodging in a City coffee-house. The following description of the London streets is pleasing to a native ear: —

Often one sees long rows of palaces which are nothing else but a great number of private dwellings, three or four windows wide, which are built adjoining to each other, and to which a uniform architecture has been given.

Many of his journeys were undertaken in stirring times; but he either took no interest in politics, or else his editor has seen fit to suppress his observations thereupon. Even his first visit to Paris, in the year 1804, at the time of Napoleon's coronation, suggested to him nothing except comparisons between its architecture and the architecture of the Italian cities which he had just left. The volumes are closed with a catalogue of Schinkel's various extant works. The productiveness which it represents must have been almost preternatural. The number of works of art detailed in the list amount to a good deal more than three thousand.

A second edition of Dr. Otto Vitmar's lectures, read before a circle of "Christian" friends, *Zum Verständnisse Göttheit*, has appeared. They are ingenious and patriotic attempts to establish the religious reputation of the poetry of Germany's greatest poet. Perhaps fortunately for his work, the author died before it was complete. He had only progressed as far as the scene in Faust between Mephistopheles and Martha. He shows great ingenuity in giving an edifying turn to the Prologue in Heaven; and, therefore, it may be presumed that he would have succeeded in doing a similar service to the scene upon the Blocksberg. But his powers were fortunately not taxed so far. Yet even in this fragment he drops a hint that all his good-will is hardly equal to the task of making the moral conception of Faust in the first and second parts agree.

M. Bodenstedt has published a German imitation of Shakespeare's Sonnets.† It is impossible that such compositions can be fairly judged by Shakespeare's own countrymen. The recollection of the originals will always obscure in their minds whatever merit the imitation may possess. It must be said, however, in justice, that the imitations in question are highly thought of by the author's own countrymen.

Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* with notes by Dr. Karl Sachs,‡ appears from the position of the editor, who is a grammar-school master at Brandenburg, to be a school-book for the study of English. At least the notes are drawn up exactly in the style to which schoolboys are accustomed in reading classic poetry. They illustrate, here and there, every word the editor considers as difficult, with what he looks upon as parallel passages from *My Novel*, the *Mill on the Floss*, *Jacob Faithful*, and "Mr." Humphrey's *Clock*. He points out with much eruditio that while Ben Jonson used the word "wharfs," Martin Chuzzlewit employed the plural "wharves;" and that while Ben Jonson swore in the form "egad," Sheridan, on the contrary, preferred to swear in the form "fore-gad." So that all the youths brought up under the care of Dr. Sachs, if ever they travel to England, will come fully prepared to employ either form of imprecation, according as they wish to speak in an ancient classical, or a modern colloquial style.

The same industrious editor has published Macaulay's celebrated third chapter, with a dictionary explanatory of the proper names at the end.§ A hypercritic might object to a description of the Sir William Windham spoken of in Lord Mahon's History as having been Minister in England in the year 1801; but, in spite of such slips, the dictionary is on the whole accurate enough.

* *Zum Verständnisse Göttheit.* Vorträge vor einem Kreise christlicher Freunde gehalten von Otto Vitmar. Marburg: Elloert. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *William Shakespeare's Sonnete in Deutscher Nachbildung.* Von Friedrich Bodenstedt. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Ben Jonson's Sejanus.* Herausgegeben und erklärt von Dr. Karl Sachs. Leipzig: Violet. 1862.

§ *A Description of England in 1865, taken from Lord Macaulay's History of England.* By Dr. C. Sachs. Leipzig: Violet. 1862.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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The Biglow Papers.

Paris by Gaslight.

Aristotle's History of Animals.

Stoughton's Windsor Castle.

German Literature.

Vining. On Monday (first time) and during the week, the New *Fairy Extravaganza* with William Brown, with a splendid scenery, dressed in costumes, "PRINCE AMABEL" & or, the "Fairy Rose," in which the Misses Nelson (from New York and Australia) will make their first appearance in London supported by Messrs. F. Mathews, Belmont, Aley, Terry, Mrs. Rainforth, E. Romer, N. Moore, Harland, F. Mathews, and a Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Oscar Byrne with "THE COZY COUPLE," and *UNDER THE ROSE*. Commence half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinloch.

JOACHIM, PAUER, PIATTI, SANTLEY, &c. &c., at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL on Monday evening next, May 19. Herr Joachim will play Bach's Prelude, Fugue in C major for Violin Solo, and Beethoven's Quartet in F, Op. 59, and join Herr Pauer and Signor Piatto. Schubert's *Tristia* in B flat. Herr Pauer will play Bach's Sonata in the Italian style for Pianoforte Solo. Vocalists, Mme. Louisa Vining and Mr. Santley. Soft Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

FRIKELLI'S PRIZE TRICKS. — Herr Wiljelmi Frikelli will repeat his wonderful tricks, the Bowls of Fish and a Hat which produces everything, in his entertainment of *Natural Magic* at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at 8 (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at 3. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 15 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION. — **HERR ALFRED JAELL**, Pianist to the King of Hanover, will Play on Tuesday, May 27. Other participants will be duly announced.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. — **S. THALBERG** has the honour to announce that, after a long absence, he will give a **MATINEE** at the Queen's Rooms, Monday, June 9th, 1862. The number of persons on which S. Thalberg can possibly appear in London this season are limited to Four Matinees, which will be given as follows: — Monday, June 9th; Monday, June 16th; Saturday, June 28th; Monday, July 7th. The Matinees will commence at half-past 2 o'clock. S. Thalberg will present his last Works. Twenty-five Pounds Premium will be given for the four Matinees, three guineas: half ticket, one guinea; unreserved seats, half-a-guinea. For programme, see at the had at the principal libraries and music-sellers, and on application to Mr. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the St. James's Hall. — Mr. Chas. Halle begs to announce that he will repeat his BEETHOVEN RECITALS in the large room of St. James's Hall on Afternoons of the undated so far as he can. — Friday, May 23; Friday, May 30; Friday, June 6; Friday, June 13; Friday, June 20; Saturday, June 28; Friday, July 4; Friday, July 11. To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S TWO PERFORMANCES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC (interspersed with Vocal Music), on Thursday Afternoons, May 22 and June 5, 1862, at St. James's Hall. To commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists, Mrs. Barbara, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley: Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be assisted by Mr. Charles Hall and Mr. Stephen Heller. Herr Joachim, and M. Sainton. At 3 o'clock precisely.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S TWO PERFORMANCES. — Soft Stalls, numbered and reserved, £2 2s.; for the series, 10s. 6d. Single Tickets, £1 1s. 6d. for the series, 7s. Single Ticket; Unreserved Seats, 4s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and at all the principal Music-sellers.

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Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and at all the principal Music-sellers.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, for the Relief of their Widows and Orphans. Established 1819. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1827.

PATRON — **HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.** The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in FREEMASONS' HALL, on SATURDAY, THE 1ST OF MAY, 1862.

The Right Hon. Lord ASHBURTON, President, in the Chair.

Tickets, £1 1s. 6d. to be obtained of the Board of Stewards: Charles J. Dimond, Esq., Hon. Secretary; Mr. Charles Hall and Mr. Stephen Heller. Herr Joachim, and M. Sainton. At 3 o'clock precisely.

Donations or Annual Subscriptions forwarded to the Secretary will be duly announced at the Anniversary Dinner previous to the List of Contributors being published.

For information, see Fund, the sum of £23,991 7s. 3d. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British and 59 widows living during the year 1861 received annuities amounting to £777 10s., and 16 orphans the sum of £72 10s.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FIRST GREAT SHOW. Wednesday, May 21, at South Kensington. Open at One o'clock. Bands of Royal Artillery and Royal Marines commence at Two o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d. each, or by Tickets previously purchased, 5s. each, at the Garden, and of the principal Librarians, Musicians, &c., together be wet, Visitors can pass under cover from the Exhibition of Garden Entrances to the Show.

GREAT SHOW OF ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, May 21. — The Garden will be open at One o'clock. Visitors cannot be admitted after the Exhibition to the Garden, or to the Exhibition through the Garden, before the hour.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—SEASON TICKETS, price Three Guineas and Five Guineas each, may be obtained on personal application at the Office of the Secretary, in the Exhibition Building, South Kensington. The Five Guineas Ticket entitles the holder to admission to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, and to the Flower Shows, Fêtes, and Promenades.

Cases for preserving the Season tickets may be obtained at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each.

Applications through the post should be addressed to F. R. Sandford, Esq., Secretary, International Exhibition, London, W., and must be accompanied by Post Office Orders payable to J. J. Mayo, Esq., at the Post Office, Charing Cross. Cheques or Country Notes will not be received.

Season tickets may also be obtained at

The Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, W. — The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W. C. — Crystal Palace Ticket Office, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C. — Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 29 Piccadilly, W. — Milford's Library, 30 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W. — Library, 12, St. James's Street, S.W. — Weston's Library, Knightsbridge, S.W. — Letts, Son, & Co., Royal Exchange, E.C. — Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside, E.C. — J. Mitchell, 33 Bond Street, W. — W. & R. Chambers, 10 Bond Street, W. — Marshall, 21 Exeter Road, near Marble Arch, W. — Cramer, Beale, & Wood, 20 Regent Street, W. — Cramer & Co., 20 Regent Street, W. — Sherriff & Co., 27 Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C. — Robert & Son, 12, Arundel Row, Pimlico, S.W. — Smith & Son, New Arundel Street, W.C., and the Book Stalls at the principal Railway Stations.

Thomas Agnew & Sons, Exchange Street, Manchester, and Liverpool.

Richard & Son, 12, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, W.

Folerton's Royal Library, North Street, Brighton.

By arrangement with the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, W.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—BATH CHAIRS will be ALLOWED in the BUILDING under the following REGULATIONS:—

1. The Chairs will only be admitted on days when the Entrance fee is 2s. 6d. or 3s.

2. The Entrance fee must be paid for the Attendant as well as for the Visitor.

3. On Saturdays, when the Building is not opened until 12 o'clock, the Chairs will be allowed to remain until 10 o'clock.

By arrangement with the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, W.

E. R. SANDFORD, Secretary.

May 17, 1862.]

The Saturday Review.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, every evening, except Saturday, at Eight, will give their New Entertainment, THE FAMILY LEGEND, with Mr. John Parry's Musical Narrative of "A Colleen Bawn," ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

Unreserved Seats, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s.; Stalls, 2s.; Stalls (Spring) Chairs, 1s., secured in advance (without notice).—An extra Morning Representation will be given every Tuesday, at Three o'clock.

THE CATTLE FAIR, by AUGUSTE BONHEUR, size 14 feet by 9. Mr. ROBERT CROFTS has the pleasure to announce that this great PICTURE is now on view at the Gallery, No. 26 Old Bond Street. Open from 10 till 5. Admission 1s.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE, the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, commenced in Jerusalem in 1854, is now on view at the German Gallery, 168 New Bond Street. Admission 1s.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admittance 6d. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

Reigate Hill, Surrey.—Capital Residences with Pleasure Grounds and Parks of about 10 acres.

MR. JOHN LEES is directed by the Proprietor to SELL by AUCTION, in the month of June next, in one lot (unless an acceptable offer is previously made by private contract), a desirable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as Westfield, delightfully placed on the south side of Reigate Hill, whence it commands beautiful views. It is only a short distance from the Church and Railway Station, and about three-quarters of an acre in extent. The house is a large, comfortable residence, containing 12 rooms, and including a dining-room, drawing-room opening into a conservatory, morning-room, and library; on the first floor four principal bed-chambers, two dressing-rooms, and one secondary bed-room, with two other bed-chambers on the second floor. The domestic offices are ample and convenient. There is a two-stall stable, with coachhouse and out-buildings. The property has been well laid out, and includes gardens, lawns, and pleasure grounds. The meadow land is undulating and well timbered, and contains about 16 acres, including the site of the house. The subsoil is porous, water abundant and good; and building stone may be quarried on the estate. Particulars may be obtained of Orton Lucas, Esq., Solicitor, 59 Fenchurch Street, London; and of Mr. John Lees, Estate Agent, Reigate, Surrey.

Desirable Investments.—Reversions to Money in the Hands, and Statutory Mortgages of the Corporation of Manchester.

MESSRS. ROBERTS & ROBY will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, on Wednesday, May 21, at 12 in two lots, an ABSOLUTE REVERSION IN ONE MOIETY of a TRUST LEGACY of £2,000, invested in the sum of £27,150 10s. 2d. New Taxes per Cent. Annuities, payable on the death of a lady aged 56; also a REVERSIONARY INTEREST to One-third Share of a Legacy £2,000 invested in statutory mortgages of the Corporation of Manchester, bearing 4 per cent. interest, expectant on the death of a man now 51. Also a REVERSIONARY INTEREST to One-third Share of a Legacy £2,000 invested in the property of his wife, which shall be then living. Together with a Policy of Assurance in the Gresham Life Assurance Society for £200, payable on the decease of such son. Particulars, with conditions of sale, to be had of T. H. Devonshire, Esq., Solicitor, 3 Old Jewry; at the Mart; and at the Auctioneer's Office, 21 Mountague Street, City.

TO LITERARY MEN.—An established WEEKLY JOURNAL of high standing for SALE, £1000. Only Principals will be treated with.—Address, Wm. Jagger, Esq., Solicitor, 9 Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.

A CURACY is WANTED by a Clergyman in Priest's Orders (A.M.A. Oxon and Classman). The neighbourhood of London preferred.—Address, Clericus, Messrs. Shrimpton, Oxford.

GARIBALDI and ITALY.

SIGNORA JESSIE WHITE MARIO'S LECTURES.—The Garibaldi Italian Unity Committee have much pleasure in announcing that, before leaving England for Italy, Signora Mario will deliver TWO LECTURES, in St. James's Hall, on the LAST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

First Lecture, Tuesday, May 20 (F. A. Taylor, Esq., M.P., in the chair).—Garibaldi and Second Lecture, Tuesday, May 27 (James Stanfield, Esq., M.P., in the chair).—Naples and Cavares.

The chair will be taken each evening at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s.; Tickets at Mitchell's, 53 Old Bond Street; Austin's Office, 8 Jermyn Street; Mr. Edmund Wilson's General Exchange; Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Treasurer to the Garibaldi Fund; 6 Old Jewry; Mr. Yildiz, Charing Cross; and Oliver's, 19 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W.

Garibaldi Italian Unity Committee Room, No. 10 Southampton Street, Strand.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—LECTURES on the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Rev. A. J. D. DORSEY, B.D. (English Lecturer at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge), will repeat this course, commencing MONDAY, 12th inst., at 4.15, at WESTBOURNE COLLEGE, LAVENDER PLACE, BAYSWATER ROAD. Tickets for the Lecture, 1s. 6d. On the same days at 7.15 p.m., SIX LECTURES on the Art of PUBLIC READING, 1s. 6d. the Course. The Ven. the Archdeacon of London will be the Chair on Monday 12th inst., at 7.15 p.m.

C. MACKENZIE, A.M., Principal.

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